THE CHICAGO LEDGER

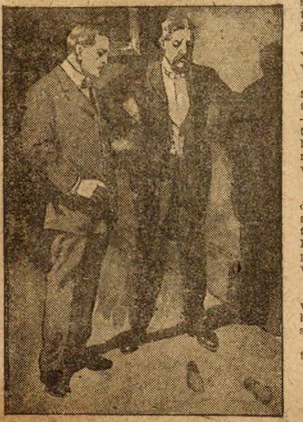
VOL. XXXIX. NO. 20. CHICAGO, ILL., SATURDAY, MAY 20, 1911. SINGLE COPIES 5 CENTS.

Facing Fearsome Things

A Story of Ghosts

By Lord Bulwer-Lytton

I saw just before me the print of a foot.



A FRIEND of mine, who is a man of letters and a philosopher, said to me one day, as if between jest and earnest: "Fancy! since we last met, I have discovered a haunted house in the midst of London."

"Really haunted—and by what—ghosts?"

"Well, I can't answer that question; all I know is this: six weeks ago my wife and I were in search of a furnished apartment. Passing a quiet street, we saw on the window of one of the houses a bill, 'Apartments, Furnished.' The situation suited us; we entered the house—liked the rooms—engaged them by the week—and left them the third day. No power on earth could have reconciled my wife to stay longer; and I don't wonder at it."

"What did you see?"

"Excuse me—I have no desire to be ridiculed as a superstitious dreamer—nor, on the other hand, could I ask you to accept on my affirmation what you would hold to be incredible without the evidence of your own senses. Let me only say this, it was not much what we saw or heard (in which you might fairly suppose that we were the dupes of our own excited fancy, or the victims of imposture in others) that drove us away, as it was an undefinable terror which seized both of us whenever we passed by the door of a certain unfurnished room, in which we neither saw nor heard anything. And the strangest marvel of all was, that for once in my life I agreed with my wife, silly woman though she be—and allowed, after the third night, that it was impossible to stay a fourth in that house. Accordingly, on the fourth morning I summoned the woman who kept the house and attended on us, and told her that the rooms did not quite suit us, and we would not stay our week out. She said, dryly: "I know why; you have stayed longer than any other lodger. Few ever stayed a second night; none before you a third. But I take it they have been very kind to you."

"'They—who—' I asked, affecting to smile.

"'Why, they who haunt the house, whoever they are. I don't mind them; I remember years ago, when I lived in this house, not as a servant; but I know they will be the death of me some day. I don't care—I'm old, and must die soon anyhow; and then I shall be with them, and in this house still.' The woman spoke with so dreary a calmness that really it was a sort of awe that prevented my conversing with her further. I paid for my week, and too happy were my wife and I to get off so cheaply."

"You excite my curiosity," said I; "nothing I should like better than to sleep in a haunted house. Pray give me the address of the one which you left so ignominiously."

My friend gave me the address; and when we parted, I walked straight toward the house thus indicated.

It is situated on the north side of Oxford street, in a dull but respectful thoroughfare. I found the house shut up—no bill at the window, and no response to my knock. As I was turning away, a beer-boy, collecting pewter pots at the neighboring areas, said to me, 'Do you want any one at that house, sir?"

"Yes, I heard it was to be let."

"Let—why, the woman who kept it is dead—has been dead these three weeks, and no one can be found to stay there, though Mr. J—— offered ever so much. He offered mother, who chars for him, a pound a week just to open and shut the windows, and she would not."

"Would not!—and why?"

"The house is haunted; and the old woman who kept it was found dead in her bed, with her eyes wide open. They say the devil strangled her."

"Pooh!—you speak of Mr. J——. Is he the owner of the house?"

"Yes."

"Where does he live?"

"In G—— street, No. —."

"What is he?—in any business?

"No, sir—nothing particular; a single gentleman."

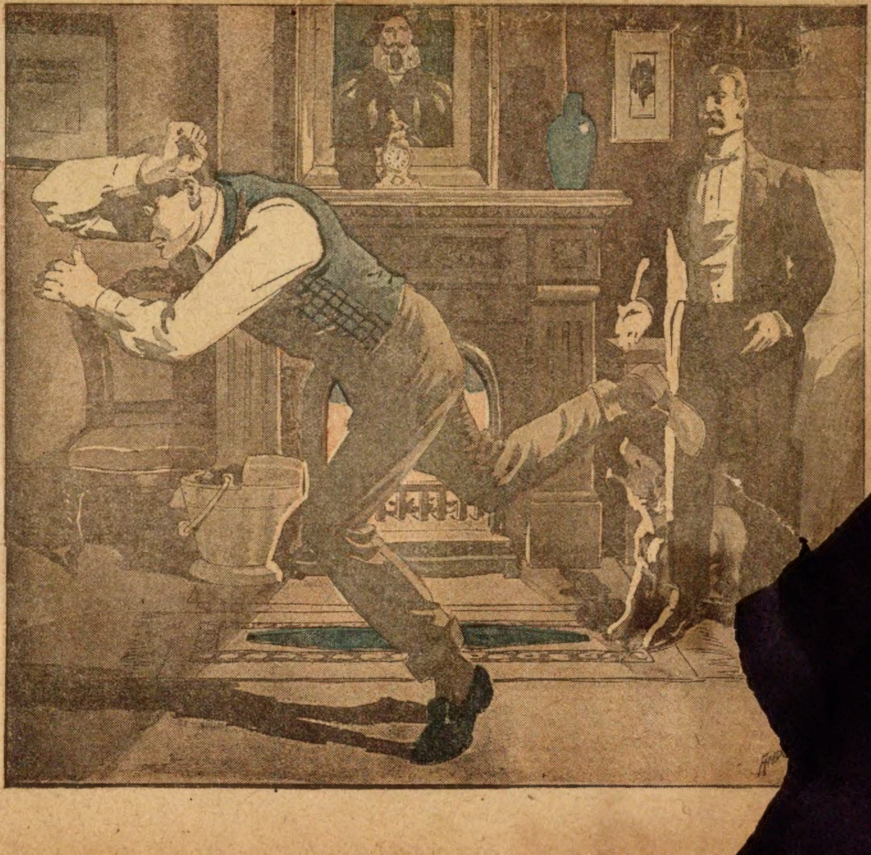
I gave the pot-boy the gratuity earned by his liberal information, and proceeded to Mr. J——, in G—— street, which was close by the street that boasted the haunted house. I was lucky enough to find Mr. J—— at home—an elderly man, with intelligent countenance and prepossessing manners.

I communicated my name and my business frankly. I said I heard the house was considered to be haunted—that I had a strong desire to examine a house with so equivocal a reputation—that I should be greatly obliged if he would allow me to hire it, though only for a night. I was willing to pay for that privilege whatever he might be inclined to ask. "Sir," said Mr. J——, with great courtesy, "the house is at your service, for as short or as long a time as you please. Rent is out of the question—the obligation will be on my side should you be able to discover the cause of the strange phenomena which at present deprive it of all value. I can not let it, for I can not even get a servant to keep it in order or answer the door. Unluckily the house is haunted, if I may use that expression, not only by night, but by day; though at night the disturbances are of a more unpleasant and sometimes of a more alarming character. The poor old woman who died in it three weeks ago was a pauper whom I took out of a workhouse, for in her childhood she had been known to some of my family, and had once been in such good circumstances that she had rented that house of my uncle. She was a woman of superior education and strong mind, and was the only person I could ever induce to remain in the house. Indeed, since her death, which was sudden, and the coroner's inquest, which gave it a notoriety in the neighborhood, I have so despaired of finding any person [illegible] take charge of the house [illegible] more tenant, that I would willingly let it [illegible] free for a year to any [illegible] pay its rates and taxes."

"How long is it since the ho[illegible] quired this sinister character?"

"That I can scarcely tell you, [illegible] many year since. The old [illegible] spoke of said it was haunted [illegible] rented it between thirty and for[illegible] ago. The fact is, that my life [illegible] spent in the East Indies, and in [illegible] service of the Company. I ret[illegible] England last year, on inheriting [illegible] tune of an uncle, among whose [illegible] sions was the house in question. I [illegible] it shut up and uninhabited. I was [illegible] that it was haunted, that no one w[illegible] inhabit it. I smiled at what seemed to me so idle a story. I spent some money in repairing it—added to its old-fashioned furniture a few modern articles—advertised it, and obtained a lodger for a year. He was a colonel on half-pay. He came in with his family—a son and a daughter, and four or five servants; they all left the house the next day; and, although each of them declared that he had seen something different from that which had scared the others, a something still was equally terrible to all. I really could not in conscience sue, nor even blame, the colonel for breach of agreement. Then I put in the old woman I have spoken of, and she was empower-

"Run, run! It's after me."



ed to let the house in apartments. I never had one lodger who stayed more than three days. I do not tell you their stories—to no two lodgers have there been exactly the same phenomena repeated. It is better that you should judge for yourself than enter the house with an imagination influenced by previous narratives; only be prepared to see and to hear something or other, and take whatever precautions you yourself please."

"Have you never had a curiosity yourself to pass a night in that house?"

"Yes. I passed not a night, but three hours in broad daylight alone in that house. My curiosity is not satisfied, but it is quenched. I have no desire to renew the experiment. You cannot complain, you see, sir, that I am not sufficiently candid; and unless your interest be exceedingly eager and your nerves unusually strong, I honestly add, that I advise you not to pass a night in that house."

"My interest is exceedingly keen," said I, "and though only a coward will boast of his nerves in situations wholly unfamiliar to him, yet my nerves have been seasoned in such variety of danger that I have the right to rely on them—even in a haunted house."

Mr. J—— said very little more; he took the keys of the house out of his bureau, gave them to me—and, thanking him cordially for his frankness, and his urbane concession to my wish, I carried off my prize.

Impatient for the experiment, as soon reached home, I summoned my con- ial servant—a young man of gay fearless temper, and as free from itious prejudice as any one I ink of.

," said I, "you remember in Ger- w disappointed we were at not ghost in that old castle, which to be haunted by a headless ap- ? Well, I have heard of a house n which, I have reason to hope, edly haunted. I mean to sleep night. From what I hear, there ubt that something will allow to be seen or to be heard—some- perhaps, excessively horrible. Do think, if I take you with me, I may on your presence of mind, whatever may happen?"

"Oh, sir! pray trust me," answered F——, grinning with delight.

"Very well; then here are the keys of the house—this is the address. Go now—select for me any bedroom you please; and since the house has not been inhabited for weeks, make up a good fire—air the bed well—see, of course, that there are candles as well as fuel. Take with you my revolver and my dagger—so much for my weapons—arm yourself equally well; and if we are not a match for a dozen ghosts, we shall be but a sorry couple of Englishmen."

I was engaged for the rest of the day on business so urgent that I had not leisure to think much on the nocturnal adventure to which I had plighted my honor. I dined alone, and very late, and while dining, read, as is my habit. I selected one of the volumes of Macaulay's essays. I thought to myself that I would take the book with me; there was so much of healthfulness in the style, and practical life in the subjects, that it would serve as an antidote against the influences of superstitious fancy.

Accordingly, about half-past nine, I put the book into my pocket, and strolled leisurely toward the haunted house. I took with me a favorite dog—an exceedingly sharp, bold, and vigilant bull-terrier—a dog fond of prowling about strange ghostly corners and passages at night in search of rats—a dog of dogs for a ghost.

It was a summer night, but chilly, the sky somewhat gloomy and overcast. Still there was a moon—faint and sickly, but still a moon—and, if the clouds permitted, after midnight it would be brighter.

I reached the house, knocked, and my servant opened with a cheerful smile.

"All right sir, and very comfortable."

"Oh!" said I, rather disappointed; "have you not seen nor heard anything remarkable?"

"Well, sir, I must own I have heard something queer."

"What?—what?"

"The sound of feet pattering behind me; and once or twice small noises like whispers close at my ear—nothing more."

"You are not at all frightened?"

"I! not a bit of it, sir;" and the man's bold look reassured me on one point—viz.: that happen what might he would t desert me.

e were in the hall, the street-door , and my attention was now drawn og. He had at first run in eager- but had sneaked back to the as scratching and whining After patting him on the uraging him gently, the ncile himself to the wed me and F—— ut keeping close at urrying inquisitive- n was his usual and strange places. We erranean apartments, other offices, and es- rs, in which last there ee bottles of wine still vered with cobwebs, and their appearance, undis- ny years. It was clear that ere not wine-bibbers. For discovered nothing of interest. There was a gloomy little backyard, with very high walls. The stones of this yard were very damp; and what with the damp, and what with the dust and smoke-grime on the pavement, our feet left a slight impression where we passed. And now appeared the first strange abode. I saw, just before me, the print of a foot suddenly form itself, as it were. I stopped, caught hold of my servant, and pointed to it. In advance of that footprint as suddenly dropped another. We both saw it. I advanced quickly to the place; the footprint kept advancing before me, a small footprint—the foot of a child: the impression was too faint thoroughly to distinguish the shape, but it seemed to us both that it was the print of a naked foot.

This phenomenon ceased when we arrived at the opposite wall, nor did it repeat itself on returning. We remounted the stairs, and entered the rooms on the ground floor, a dining parlor, a small back parlor, and a still smaller third room that had been probably appropriated to a footman—all still as death. We then visited the drawingrooms, which seemed fresh and new. In the front room I seated myself in an armchair. F—— placed on the table the candlestick with which he had lighted us. I told him to shut the door. As he turned to do so, a chair opposite to me moved from the wall quickly and noiselessly, and dropped itself about a yard from my own chair, immediately fronting it.

"Why, this is better than the turning-tables," said I, with a half-laugh; and as I laughed, my dog put back his head and howled.

F——, coming back, had not observed the movement of the chair. He employed himself now in stilling the dog. I continued to gaze on the chair, and fancied I saw on it a pale blue misty outline of a human figure, but an outline so indistinct that I could only distrust my own vision. The dog was now quiet.

"Put back that chair opposite to me," said I to F——; "put it back to the wall."

F—— obeyed. "Was that you, sir?" said he, turning abruptly.

"I!—what?"

"Why, something struck me. I felt it sharply on the shoulder—just here."

"No," said I. "But we have jugglers present, and though we may not discover their tricks, we shall catch them before they frighten us."

We did not stay long in the drawingrooms—in fact, they felt so damp and so chilly that I was glad to get to the fire upstairs. We locked the doors of the drawingrooms—a precaution which, I should observe, we had taken with all the rooms we had searched below. The bedroom my servant had selected for me was the best on the floor—a large one, with two windows fronting the street. The four-posted bed, which took up no inconsiderable space, was opposite to the fire, which burnt clear and bright; a door in the wall to the left, between the bed and the window, communicated with the room which my servant appropriated to himself. This last was a small room with a sofa-bed, and had no communication with the landing-place—no other door but that which conducted to the bedroom I was to occupy. On either side of my fireplace was a cupboard, without locks, flush with the wall, and covered with the same dull-brown paper. We examined these cupboards—only hooks to suspend female dresses—nothing else; we sounded the walls—evidently solid—the outer walls of the building. Having finished the survey of these apartments, I warmed myself a few moments, and lighted my cigar, I then, still accompanied by F——, went forth to complete my reconnoitre. In the landing-place there was another door; it was closed firmly. "Sir," said my servant, in surprise, "I unlocked this door with all the others when I first came; it can not have got locked from the inside for—"

Before he had finished his sentence, the door, which neither of us then was touching, opened quietly of itself. We looked at each other a single instant. The same thought seized both—some human agency might be detected here. I rushed in first, my servant followed. A small blank dreary room without furniture—a few empty boxes and hampers in a corner—a small window—the shutters closed—not even a fireplace—no other door but that by which we had entered—no carpet on the floor, and the floor seemed very old, uneven, worm-eaten, mended here and there, as was shown by the whiter patches on the wood; but no living being, and no visible place in which a living being could have hidden. As we stood gazing round, the door by which we had entered closed as quietly as it had before opened; we were imprisoned.

For the first time I felt a creep of undefinable horror. Not so my servant. "Why, they don't think to trap us, sir; I could break that trumpery door with a kick of my foot."

"Try first if it will open to your hand," said I, shaking off the vague apprehension that had seized me, "while I unclose the shutters and see what is without."

I unbarred the shutters—the window looked on the little backyard I have before described; there was no ledge without—nothing to break the sheer descent of the wall. No man getting out of that window would have found any footing till he had fallen on the stones below.

F——, meanwhile, was vainly attempting to open the door. He now turned round to me and asked my permission to use force. And I should here state, in justice to the servant, that, far from evincing any superstitious terrors, his nerve, composure, and even gaiety amid circumstances so extraordinary, compelled my admiration, and made me congratulate myself on having secured a companion in every way fitted to the occasion. I willingly gave him the permission he required. But though he was a remarkably strong man, his force was as idle as his milder efforts; the door did not even shake to his stoutest kick. Breathless and panting, he desisted. I then tried the door myself, equally in vain. As I ceased from the effort, again that creep of horror came over me; but this time it was more cold and stubborn. I felt as if some strange and ghastly exhalation were rising up from the chinks of that rugged floor, and filling the atmosphere with a venomous influence hostile to human life. The door now very slowly and quietly opened as of its own accord. We precipitated ourselves into the landing-place. We both saw a large pale light—as large as the human figure, but shapeless and unsubstantial—move before us, and ascend the stairs that led from the landing into the attic. I followed the light, and my servant followed me. It entered to the right of the landing, a small garret, of which the door stood open. I entered in the same instant. The light then collapsed into a small globule, exceedingly brilliant and vivid: rested a moment on a bed in the corner, quivered, and vanished. We approached the bed and examined it—a half-tester, such as is commonly found in attics devoted to servants. On the drawers that stood near it we perceived an old faded silk kerchief, with the needle still left in a rent half repaired. The kerchief was covered with dust; probably it had belonged to the old woman who had last died in that house, and this might have been her sleeping room. I had sufficient curiosity to open the drawers; there were a few odds and ends of female dress, and two letters tied round with a narrow ribbon of faded yellow. I took the liberty to possess myself of the letters. We found nothing else in the room worth noticing—nor did the light reappear; but we distinctly heard, as we turned to go, a pattering footfall on the floor—just before us. We went through the other attics (in all four), the footfall still preceding us. Nothing to be seen—nothing but the footfall heard. I had the letters in my hand; just as I was descending the stairs I distinctly felt my wrist seized, and a faint soft effort made to draw the letters from my clasp. I only held them the more tightly, and the effort ceased.

We regained the bed-chamber appropriated to myself, and I then remarked that my dog had not followed us when we had left it. He was thrusting himself close to the fire, and trembling. I was impatient to examine the letters; and while I read them, my servant opened a little box in which he had deposited the weapons I had ordered him to bring; took them out, placed them on a table close at my bed-head, and then occupied himself in soothing the dog, who, however, seemed to heed him very little.

The letters were short—they were dated; the dates exactly thirty-five years ago. They were evidently from a lover to his mistress, or a husband to some young wife. Not only the terms of expression, but a distinct reference to a former voyage, indicated the writer to have been a seafarer. The spelling and handwriting were those of a man imperfectly educated, but still the language itself was forcible. In the expressions of endearment there was a kind of rough wild love; but here and there were dark unintelligible hints at some secret not of love—some secret that seemed of crime. "We ought to love each other," was one of the sentences I remember, "for how every one else would execrate us if all was known." Again: "Don't let any one be in the same room with you at night—you talk in your sleep." And again: "What's done can't be undone; and I tell you there's nothing against us unless the dead could come to life." Here there was underlined in a better handwriting (a female's): "They do!" At the end of the letter latest in date the same female hand had written these words: "Lost at sea the 4th of June, the same day as—"

I put down the letters, and began to muse over their contents.

Fearing, however, that the train of thought into which I fell might unsteady my nerves, I fully determined to keep my mind in a fit state to cope with whatever of marvelous the advancing night might bring forth. I roused myself—laid the letters on the table—stirred up the fire, which was still bright and cheering, and opened my volume of Macaulay. I read quietly enough till about half-past eleven. I then threw myself dressed upon the bed, and told my servant he might retire to his own room, but must keep himself awake. I bade him leave open the door between the two rooms. Thus alone, I kept two candles burning on the table by my bed-head. I placed my watch beside the weapons, and calmly resumed my Macaulay. Opposite to me the fire burned clear; and on the hearth-rug, seemingly asleep, lay the dog. In about twenty minutes I felt an exceedingly cold air pass by my cheek, like a sudden draft. I fancied the door to my right, communicating with the landing-place, must have got open; but no—it was closed. I then turned my glance to my left, and saw the flame of the candles violently swayed as by a wind. At the same moment the watch beside the revolver softly slid from the table—softly, softly—no visible hand—it was gone. I sprang up, seizing the revolver with the one hand, the dagger with the other; I was not not willing that my weapons should share the fate of the watch. Thus armed, I looked round the floor—no sign of the watch. Three slow, loud, distinct knocks were now heard at the bed-head; my servant called out: "Is that you, sir?"

"No; be on your guard."

The dog now roused himself and sat on his haunches, his ears moving quickly backward and forward. He kept his eyes fixed on me with a look so strange that he concentrated all my attention on himself. Slowly, he rose up, all his hair bristling, and stood perfectly rigid, and with the same wild stare. I had no time, however, to examine the dog. Presently my servant emerged from his room; and if I ever saw horror in the human face, it was then. I should not have recognized him had we met in the street, so altered was every lineament. He passed by me quickly, saying in a whisper that seemed scarcely to come from his lips: "Run—run! it is after me!" He gained the door to the landing, pulled it open, and rushed forth. I followed him into the landing involuntarily, calling him to stop; but, without heeding me, he bounded down the stairs, clinging to the balusters, and taking several steps at a time. I heard, where I stood, the street-door open—heard it again clap to. I was left alone in the haunted house.

It was but for a moment that I remained undecided whether or not to follow my servant; pride and curiosity alike forbade so dastardly a flight. I re-entered my room, closing the door after me, and proceeded cautiously into the interior chamber. I encountered nothing to justify my servant's terror. I again carefully examined the walls, to see if there were any concealed door. I could find no trace of one—not even a seam in the dull-brown paper with which the room was hung. How, then, had the Thing, whatever it was, which had so scared him, obtained ingress except through my own chamber?

I returned to my room, shut and locked the door that opened upon the interior one, and stood on the hearth, expectant and prepared. I now perceived that the dog had slunk into an angle of the wall, and was pressing himself close against it, as if literally striving to force his way into it. I approached the animal and spoke to it; the poor brute was evidently beside itself with terror. It showed all its teeth, the slaver dropping from its jaws, and would certainly have bitten me if I had touched it. It did not seem to recognize me. Whoever has seen at the Zoological Gardens a rabbit fascinated by a serpent, cowering in a corner, may form some idea of the anguish which the dog exhibited. Finding all efforts to soothe the animal in vain, and fearing that his bite might be as venomous in that state as in the madness of hydrophobia, I left him alone, placed my weapons on the table beside the fire, seated myself and recommenced my Macaulay.

Perhaps, in order not to appear seeking credit for a courage, or rather a coolness, which the reader may conceive I exaggerate, I may be pardoned if I pause to indulge in one or two egotistical remarks.

As I hold presence of mind, or what is called courage, to be precisely proportioned to familiarity with the circumstances that lead to it, so I should say that I had been long sufficiently familiar with all experiments that appertain to the Marvelous. I had witnessed many very extraordinary phenomena in various parts of the world—phenomena that would be either totally disbelieved if I stated them, or ascribed to supernatural agencies. Now, my theory is that the Supernatural is the Impossible, and that what is called supernatural is only a something in the laws of nature of which we have been hitherto ignorant. Therefore, if a ghost rise before me, I have not the right to say, "So, then, the supernatural is possible," but rather, "So, then, the apparition of a ghost is, contrary to received opinion, within the laws of nature—i. e., not supernatural."

Now, in all that I had hitherto witnessed, and indeed in all the wonders which the amateurs of mystery in our age record as facts, a material living agency is always required. On the Continent you will find still magicians who assert that they can raise spirits. Assume for the moment that they assert truly, still the living material form of the magician is present; and he is the material agency by which, from some constitutional peculiarities, certain strange phenomena are represented to your natural senses.

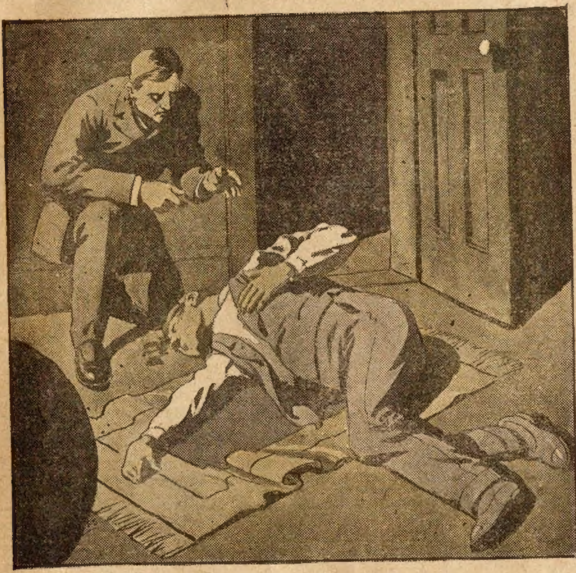
Accept, again, as truthful, the tales of Spirit Manifestation in America—musical or other sounds—writings on paper, produced by no discernible hand—articles of furniture moved without apparent human agency—or the actual sight and touch of hands, to which no bodies seem to belong—still there must be found the Medium, or living being with constitutional peculiarities capable of obtaining

(Continued on page five.)

The IRON TRUNK Mystery.

Keeney's Greatest Case

by J. Breckenridge Ellis.



The body was that of Howard Willis.

[Copyright 1911 by W. D. Boyce Co.]
Begun in No. 18, May 6th. Subscriptions can begin with that issue, or back copies can be obtained from news stands, or our agents, or by mail from the office of publication.

CHAPTER XVI.

A HIDDEN SPRING.

ON reflection, the detective decided not to attempt to gain access to the iron trunk until he had notified Mrs. Willis.

Even in the cause of justice and science, he would not wish to enter the bedroom without her knowledge.

Accordingly, he informed her of his purpose.

Mrs. Willis expressed interest and uneasiness.

It naturally terrified her to imagine that anybody could come up through the floor and enter the bedroom no matter how securely doors and windows might be fastened.

She was interested to know if the detective was right in his conjectures.

She proposed that she and Amonia come into the diningroom to watch operations.

Keeneyes consented.

He went to the woodhouse and brought the ladder.

There was nothing to prevent his carrying it in through the door, but he insisted on bringing it through the window, as, he declared, the midnight marauder was accustomed to do.

He brought in the ladder, accordingly, and placed it against the wall so that its end rested where the two faintly yellow spots showed near the ceiling.

He climbed to the ceiling, and minutely examined the woodwork.

He was looking for some suggestion of a crevice, something to indicate the presence of a trap-door.

At last he found what he wanted.

"Just as I thought!" he exclaimed.

But it was a different thing from finding the trap-door, to discover the means of opening it.

Keeneyes spent perhaps half an hour in a vain search for some hidden spring.

"Maybe it ain't no trap-door after all," Amonia suggested.

The detective regarded this supposition beneath his notice.

Mrs. Willis said, "Possibly the spring is in the bottom of the iron trunk, and should be manipulated from the bedroom floor."

"But," Keeneyes objected, "since the man is accustomed to going up through the floor, there must be something here be can press—" And the detective felt everywhere for the spring.

After some time, Mrs. Willis spoke again: "It seems to me you have tried every square inch of surface where there could possibly be a spring leading to the iron trunk."

"I know, now, that there ain't no such spring," cried Amonia, who was tired of waiting.

"I believe you are right," said the detective rather dejectedly. He descended from the ladder.

"Then your whole theory fails," remarked Mrs. Willis. "Since there is no spring, there is no way to get into the iron trunk from this side of the floor. And so, there'd be no use to bring the ladder here. And so, those spots must have been produced in some other way."

"You are not justified," said Keeneyes, "in these conclusions. The spots could have been made only by this ladder, and the ladder could be brought here only in order to get into the iron trunk; and it could be entered only by means of a trap-door. Well, I found what believe is the trap-door."

"And the spring?" returned the other, skeptically.

"Madam," said Keeneyes, "with your permission I shall conceal myself in the iron trunk tonight and wait for the intruder. In that way, I shall make myself master of his secret. I hope you and Mr. Willis will consent to sit up, tonight—since the will forbids your sleeping in another apartment."

Mrs. Willis consented. She was anxious to have it determined whether or not a man had really been entering the bedroom during the past nights.

In order to learn that, it would be worth while to sit up, several nights.

The detective made his plans accordingly.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE TWO PAPERS.

When Howard Willis came home, that evening, his wife informed him of the plan for the night.

Keeneyes would pass the night in the iron trunk, in their bedroom.

They would sit up, all night, in the adjoining apartment.

To this, Howard agreed.

In the meantime the detective invited the lawyer to stroll with him about the premises. He pointed out the fact that the end—in fact both ends of the ladder—showed the stain of yellow clay; also, that no such clay was exposed to view on the place.

It was certainly peculiar.

Where did the ladder pick up its clay-stain, on its way from the wall of the woodhouse, into the diningroom window?

"By remaining hidden in the iron trunk tonight," said Keeneyes, "I shall probably discover who it is that brings the ladder to the house; but I may not be able to find out about the spot where the clay comes into contact with the ladder."

"Perhaps I might watch the ladder while you watch the trunk," Howard suggested.

"No, no, the man would discover you watching. Ah, if I could only be two places at once! But unfortunately I cannot duplicate myself. There is only one Keeneyes." And he sighed deeply.

Howard shrugged his shoulders; the detective annoyed him, and he thought one Keeneyes quite enough.

Keeneyes drew two faded newspapers from his pocket, and said, "Do you recognize these?"

Howard glanced at them askance. "Have I ever met them?" he returned.

"I don't know whether you have or not; you certainly should have done so."

"Then I presume they are the newspapers that were in the iron trunk?"

"Just so; yet you did not recognize them?"

"How should I know one old newspaper from another?"

"My dear Mr. Willis! Really, you are surprising. I cannot understand why you failed to examine these papers."

"Why should I?"

"Why should you? Because they were the only things you ever found in the trunk."

"I'd just as soon that nothing had been in the trunk, as old papers."

"But did it not occur to you that there might contain clews?"

"And what sort of clews could old newspapers contain?"

Keeneyes sighed. However, he governed his feelings sufficiently to speak calmly. "Mr. Willis, I have read these papers from the first word to the last."

"You must have found the news pretty old."

"Yes, so I did. Both of these papers were printed in a little out-of-the-way mining town in the far West. They are weekly papers, vilely printed. Both were printed at the same time. Both contained the same items."

"Yet you found them interesting?"

"Intensely so."

Howard was mildly interested. "They contained a mystery story?"

"They contained an account of a saloon brawl."

Howard said nothing to that. He did not regard saloon brawls as intensely interesting.

Keeneyes continued: "In this saloon brawl, a man was killed."

"Well?"

"This man was the son of the old gentleman who willed you this house and lot."

"Oh," said Howard. "So now I understand why those papers were in the trunk."

"Yet you never, yourself, tried to find out?"

"No, I didn't care."

"And now you say you know why they were in the trunk?"

"Of course I do."

"You interest me, Mr. Willis. And why were they in the trunk?"

"Because, as you have said, they tell of the death of cousin Giles Newton's son."

"But why, on that account, did he place them in the iron trunk?"

"Because, cousin Giles would naturally treasure papers that told of the death of his son; and he would naturally keep them in a place most secure; and that would naturally be the iron trunk."

Keeneyes laughed.

Howard looked at him in surprise. "Don't you agree with me?"

"Why, of course not!" And Keeneyes laughed again.

Howard was irritated, but said nothing. Keeneyes waited. At last Howard said:

"Why don't you think so?"

"The reason is simple enough," the detective returned; "I don't believe that your cousin Giles Newton's son was killed in that brawl."

"Yet the papers say so?"

"To be sure."

"And how do you think he was killed?"

"I don't think he was killed in any way."

"You think he—just—just died?"

"I don't believe he is dead."

This time Howard laughed. "Everybody knows he is dead," he declared. "If he hadn't been, do you suppose cousin Giles would have willed me the place, hating me as he always did?"

"In that case, why should he have willed you the place, anyhow?"

Howard shook his head. "I have never understood it," he admitted.

This time Keeneyes laughed. "My dear sir," he said, "What everybody knows, is not always true. I am sure your cousin's son was not dead, and is not dead; moreover, that your cousin Giles knew it perfectly well when he willed you this place."

"Then why didn't he will the place to his son, if his son was alive? And why do those papers record his death, if he didn't die? And why is it everybody always believed that he died?"

"In my opinion," returned the detective, "your cousin Giles told everybody his son was dead, and they naturally took it from him, as fact. In my opinion those pieces in the paper were sent by some confederate who was trying to ceive the world into thinking that the death had taken place, and were sent your cousin Giles so he could show the evidence to anybody that might prove skeptical. In my opinion, the papers were put in the trunk so you would read them, and, if you had ever doubted before, would be reassured."

Howard stared blankly. "But why, then, did it matter, whether I believed cousin Giles Newton's son was alive, or dead?"

"Because, if you believed him dead, you would not be guarded against him."

"How guard against him?"

"In case he should try to destroy you."

Howard felt his blood turn cold. "Ah! Now I understand your suspicion; you believe that cousin Giles Newton's son, whom I have supposed dead, is the man who carries the ladder into the house, and climbs up through the bottom of the iron trunk!"

"We shall see, tonight," said Keeneyes solemnly.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE HAIR.

According to arrangements, that night was to enter largely into the history the mystery of the iron trunk.

The detective went up to H bedroom at an early hour.

Having looked all about hi were, as upon the field of batt the conflict was presently to went to seek the master and m the house.

He requested them to go room at their usual hour. under ordinary circumstanc themselves at the windows, light stream forth, then to ar curtains as on ordinary

Having thus convince spy that they were going were to retreat noiseless room, where they were to pa without any lights.

To this, Mr. and Mrs. Wil

It was ten o'clock, wh to the signal agreed upon. understood that the coast w

He accordingly ascended to bedroom, and, having felt cautio about to assure himself of the surroundings, he approached the iron trunk.

Howard supposed that Keeneyes meant to get into this trunk, thus to await developments.

The detective, however, had no intention of thus exposing his valuable person to the dangers of a possible fall to the floor beneath.

He did not even open the lid of the trunk.

Drawing a chair up to it, he seated himself, crossed his legs over the top of the trunk which he found sufficiently high to induce a feeling of comfort, and meditated.

The night was dark.

Keeneyes stared through the window at the stars which occasionally slipped through the summer clouds.

Eleven o'clock struck. Then twelve. Then one.

Not a sound had disturbed the silence of the house, except the striking of the clock. At one, however, the detective fancied he could distinguish a certain rustling noise which was yet too indefinite either to be located or defined. It might have been mere fancy. He listened intently.

Whatever it was, Keeneyes decided that he would simply wait. He remained therefore, sitting beside the iron trunk, with his legs elevated in order to rest upon its top.

Perhaps fifteen minutes elapsed after his first impression of some disturbance, before the sound was again audible; or, at least, if not audible, manifest in some occult fashion. Presently Keeneyes detected a certain vibratory movement beneath his legs. What could that mean? Was the top of the trunk about to be lifted, or had the top been jarred by some motion from beneath?

The detective, with infinite caution, removed his legs from the top of the trunk. He raised to his feet, and drew back a few steps. It was too dark to see the trunk, but he had so familiarized himself with the room, that he could move about at will. The precaution of removing his shoes was a help to his movements.

He could not see whether the lid of the trunk had been lifted, or not, and, b afraid of some secret danger, he feared to remain with his legs u He now decided to approach, and i gate.

Stepping forward with th which his precise knowledg he paused where he k be, and softly ex the exactitud reached out his ha lid of the trunk. hence, it must be hinges, or else, With breathless ca his hand forward, foun trunk, and hesitated.

Perfect silence reigned

It was as if his arm we he held it motionless in the

He listened for a recur mysterious rustling noise.

It did not manifest itself

Then Keeneyes moved h horizontal plane across th the trunk.

Rémoh Gems

Not Imitations

The greatest triumph of the electric furnace—a marvelously reconstructed gem. *Looks* like a *diamond—wears* like a *diamond*—brilliancy guaranteed forever—stands filing, fire and acid like a diamond. Has no paste, foil or artificial backing. Set only in 14-Karat Solid gold mountings. 1-30th., the cost of diamonds. Guaranteed to contain no glass—*will cut glass.* Sent on approval. Money cheerfully refunded if not perfectly satisfactory. Write today for our De-Luxe Jewel Book—its free for the asking. Address—

Remoh Jewelry Co.
421 N. Broadway
St. Louis, Mo.

I Stopped My Husband's Drinking

You May Do the Same
I Will Tell You How

I will tell you about the simple home remedy I used; how I learned of it, and of the hundreds of others who have freed their homes from drunkenness by using it. I feel sure that this remedy which has done so much for me, should also stop your dear one from drinking, and I want you to know what it is. If you are ...lly interested in curing one who drinks, ...nd me your name and address and I will re... mail. The remedy can be given secretly. ...ing drink will bring you happiness, ...te me with trust and confidence.

...S. MARGARET ANDERSON
...NUE - - HILLBURN, N. Y.

LADIES,
Why Suffer?

SUPPOSITORIES

ORANGE LILY cured me of painful periods, Leucorrhea, Ulceration, and other irregularities after I had been given up to die. To any suffering lady I will send a 50-cent package of this wonderful remedy FREE. Send at once to

MRS. C. I. FRETTER,
Box 366, DETROIT, MICH.

$3.50 GUARANTEED 20 YEARS

Send this advertisement to us with your name, post office and express office address, and we will send this wonderful watch to you by express for examination. Double hunting case full engraved and gold finished throughout. Genuine 20 year guaranteed movement. Full seven ruby jeweled, quick train lever escapement, stem wind & stem set a marvelously correct timekeeper. You examine the watch at your express office and if satisfactory pay express agent $3.50 & express charges and it is yours. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. State whether you want a man's watch or a ladies' watch. Order today. R. E. CHALMERS & CO. Jewelers, 538 So. Dearborn St., CHICAGO.

GALL STONES CURED AT HOME *without* operating. Pain in Pit of Stomach, Right Side and Backache, or under the Shoulder Blades, Stomach Trouble, Indigestion, Sick Headache, Biliousness, Colic, Jaundice, Blues, Constipation, Piles, Catarrh, Nervous Weakness, Debility, Loss of Energy, Soreness, Fullness or Oppression over Stomach or Liver, Wind or Pain on Stomach or Bowels, Appendicitis Symptoms, Weak or Irregular Heart, all these symptoms are commonly caused by Gallstones or Gall troubles. Write for our copyrighted Medical Book on Gallstones and all diseases of the Liver and Stomach FREE.
GALLSTONE REMEDY CO., Dept. 33, 225 Dearborn St., Chicago

WANTED SOLDIERS' HOMESTEADS Union Soldiers who homesteaded some land, but less than 160 acres before June 23, 1874, are entitled to additional rights even though entry was relinquished or abandoned. If soldier is dead, widow or heirs have his rights.
I Pay Spot Cash for These Claims.
Address (Comrade) W. E. MOSES,
436 Jacobson Building, Denver, Colo.

12 SILK ROSE POST CARDS FREE

Send your name and address and we will send you 12 beautiful Silk Rose, Love Series, Greetings, Birthday, etc., also latest bargain list of holiday goods. Enclose 4c stamps to help cover cost, packing, postage, etc. GROSS CO., 2147 Arthur Ave., New York City

FREE GOLD SIGNET RING
FANCY ENGRAVED SHANK.

Order 12 packets of Art Post Cards to sell at 10c a packet, when sold return us $1.20 and receive this very beautiful Signet Ring. Any initial engraved. Warranted five years. Curtis Co., Dept.B, 146 W. 73rd St., Chicago

VENTRILOQUISM

Learned by any Men or Boy at Home. Small cost. Send today 2c ...nt stamp for particulars and proof. ...R. Room 1609, 823 Bigelow St., PEORIA, ILL.

...TISSUE. The Wonder of the Age. No sewing or darn... Re... cloth... silk, ..., cotton ... gloves, mackin... of all kinds ...ngs, etc. Package, ... stock, 25 cents. Address ... PARNASSUS, PA.

How to Entertain Book with 250 Jokes and ... 67 Parlor Tricks, 6 Fortune ... Secrets, 52 Money-Making Secrets, ... Funny Readings. All 10c Postpaid. ...N. 417 ... Dearborn St., Chicago, Dept. 17

...TS SECURED or Fee Returned. ...as to Patentability. Illustrated Guide ... List of Inventions Wanted, sent free. ...ans & Co., Washington, D. C.

...heumatism Cure. Send 25c for formula ...t sold in London for the above sum. ...ngton, Druggist, Maiden Rock, Wis.

It encountered nothing.

Yet the lid of the trunk was wide open.

How had that happened?

Keeneyes now depressed his hand, that it might feel down within the interior of the iron trunk.

Almost at once his nerves tingled.

His fingers had encountered something which while soft, was yet resistive.

It was human hair.

In the darkness, he had laid his hand upon a man's head.

CHAPTER XIX.

FLEEING FOOTSTEPS.

Scarcely had Keeneyes laid his hand upon the hair of an unknown head in the darkness of the iron trunk, when the stillness was broken.

From the interior of the trunk came a smothered oath.

Then the sound of scraping garments against solid surfaces, was heard.

Keeneyes hastily struck the match which he had kept in readiness.

By its first flickering light he discovered that the trunk was empty.

Unfortunately the house was without electric light, else he might have seen the disappearing intruder.

As it was, as soon as his light was obtained, the bottom of the trunk was as firmly in place as ever.

Keeneyes jumped into the trunk, hoping in his haste the intruder had failed to secure it.

It was of no use. Though he stamped with all his might, the iron structure was immovable.

Satisfied that he was losing time in this vain endeavor, Keeneyes climbed out of the trunk, rushed from the room, and dashed down the stairs to the hall below, heedless of all possible danger.

Into the diningroom he plunged, finding it, of course, intensely dark.

Without pausing for a moment, he leaped toward the spot where he supposed the ladder must rest, in order to make the faint stains of yellow clay upon the wall.

This theory, at least, was proved true. The ladder stood there. Evidently the intruder had not dared to take the time to remove it. Keeneyes rushed to the window. Yes, it had been left open.

The detective listened intently, with his head out of the window. He was sure he heard a faint sound from the fence that ran along the side of the alley. Keeneyes scrambled over the window-sill and made off in hot pursuit.

By the time he had crossed the road, he was sure he heard quick footsteps down the alley.

He vaulted the fence, and followed in the darkness. The sound of fleeing feet was audible for a few moments, then all was silence.

The detective realizing the uselessness of running on at random, went back to the Willis place as quickly as he had left it.

When he was once more in the yard, he drew near the house. The window was of course open. He climbed in disappointedly.

He struck a match and even before he had lighted the lamp, perceived something white lying upon the floor.

He found there the two newspapers which he had placed in the trunk before his interruption. Of course when the intruder had opened the trap-door leading into the trunk, the papers had fallen out.

Baffled and irritated, Keeneyes went up the ladder in hopes of finding the spring that opened the bottom of the trunk.

His search was in vain. If such a spring existed, he was utterly unable to discover it.

In the meantime, the noise made by the detective's rushing down the stairs and bursting from the house, had not gone unheard.

Howard Willis and his wife, who were sitting up for the night, had been at first greatly alarmed, then deeply puzzled, by the abrupt noise followed by stillness. They attributed it to its real cause, and, supposing that the detective was below, determined upon going down.

Keeneyes was still at the head of the ladder, when they entered.

"Aha!" cried Howard, "you have brought in the ladder, I see. Can you find the spring?"

"I think it has dried up," answered Keeneyes, shortly.

"Why did you run down stairs so noisily," inquired Howard. "Weren't you afraid of scaring away a clew? It really startled us."

"It frightened me almost to death," Mrs. Willis confessed.

"And it tired me," said the detective, descending the ladder; "so I think we had all better take some rest. You two might just as well go back to your bedroom, and go to bed. I shall stay down stairs till morning, and I'll guarantee that nobody shall climb up through the trunk."

Mr. and Mrs. Willis, who were dreadfully sleepy were only to glad to follow this suggestion.

As soon as Keeneyes was alone, he took down the ladder, with a last angry look at the ceiling, and carefully examined the ends. He found, just as he supposed he should find, that the ladder at both ends had been resting upon yielding yellow clay, and had thereby become slightly stained.

For a time, the detective seemed to lose himself to his surroundings. He held the ladder up while one end rested upon the floor, and stared at the yellow clay-stain as the lamplight streamed over him, as if interrogating it. How did this ladder become clay-stained when there was no clay on the place? And why did it never pass from the woodhouse to the residence, without first going off on a visit to some exposed clayey surface?

As no answer was to be obtained from the ladder, the detective blew out the lamp, then stood in the darkness, wondering what course to pursue.

He had not decided upon his next move, though he had been reflecting in that motionless position for possibly ten or fifteen minutes, when he was electrified by a wild scream from overhead—a perfect shriek of terror.

It came from the bedroom, and instantly followed by a man's voice calling for help. The scream and the call had come from Mrs. Willis and her husband.

Keeneyes darted up the stairs like lightning, and almost in a moment had thrown himself against the bedroom door. It was locked on the inside.

"What is it?" called Keeneyes. "The door is locked. Let me in."

From within came the sounds of a terrific struggle, with which mingled oaths and screams and hoarse calls for help. It sounded as if the room were full of men, all fighting a hand-to-hand engagement.

Keeneyes flung himself against the door with all his might, and it flew open with the sound of a lock wrenched from its socket.

CHAPTER XX.

MRS. WILLIS DISAPPEARS.

It would be difficult to define the detective's emotions when he burst open the bedroom door.

For once, he was utterly unable to imagine what had happened.

He had been standing in the diningroom, holding up the end of the clay-stained ladder, when he had heard violent sounds directly overhead.

He had been absolutely sure that nobody was in that room overhead, save Mr. and Mrs. Willis.

As to the iron trunk, since he had himself examined it minutely, proving it empty, though convinced that somebody had just descended through the bottom of it, by means of the ladder.

And yet, the sounds of a fierce struggle had brought him upstairs, three steps at a time.

He had recognized the screams as those of Mrs. Willis. As he approached the door on a run, he could bear the voice of Howard Willis.

But even while he was hurling himself against the door to force a passage, he detected another voice, that of a man, uttering horrible oaths.

Then by throwing all his weight upon the door, he had forced it violently open; he found that the room was in pitch darkness.

As if his entrance had been a signal to end some sort of fearful tragedy, perfect silence ensued.

Keeneyes stood listening, and staring into black space.

He was afraid if he made the slightest movement, the mysterious man, who had entered the room in some ghostly fashion, might be standing ready to brain him.

However, such intense suspense could not long continue.

Keeneyes, standing with pistol in hand, ready to shoot at the first provocation, called, "Mr. Willis! Mrs. Willis!"

There was no response.

It was a critical undertaking to strike a light in the midst of this mystery. Keeneyes did not wish to do so. He according renewed his calls. No answer came; and yet, but a moment before, he had heard Mrs. Willis screaming, and Howard Willis defying some invisible antagonist.

Keeneyes concluded it would be better to feel his way about the room than to strike a light.

He advanced cautiously, and his foot felt out an overturned lamp, and crushed lamp-chimney. The next moment he came upon the table which lay upon its side; then an overturned chair; then a mass of papers and bottles strewn about the carpet.

Keeneyes made his way noiselessly toward the bed. He had not reached it, when his slowly advancing foot was stopped by something soft yet unyielding. He stooped down, and found that it was a human body. It lay perfectly still.

Hesitating no longer, the detective struck a match and gave a quick look all about him. This glance assured him that it would be safe to light the lamp. He did so, and, as there was no chimney, its smoky light only partially revealed the terrible scene.

He could see all that was necessary to be seen.

The body he had encountered was that of Howard Willis, the young husband, and the unfortunate inheritor of Giles Newton's house.

The face was stained with blood.

The iron trunk was closed, and presented no sign of recent activity.

Mrs. Willis was not in the bedroom.

There was every indication of a furious and continuous struggle. Furniture was overturned, and even broken. The window was open.

Keeneyes darted to the window, but it was useless to stare out into the darkness. Nevertheless he did so, vainly. While he was standing there, he heard footsteps in the hall. It was Amonia. Keeneyes ran to the door.

"Telephone for a doctor," he said quickly, "Mr. Willis is ill.'

"He must have been having fits," said the maid, trying to stare into the room.

"No time to be lost," said Keeneyes, closing the door so she might not see the disorder, and become alarmed. "Get the doctor here at once."

Hearing Amonia hastening to the telephone, the detective now went to the prostrate form, knelt down, and felt the pulse of the motionless lawyer.

"I guess it's all over," he said, after a moment, as he gravely shook his head. "Although there's a little fluttering, too, Where's the wound, that caused all this blood?"

He snatched up a cloth and began wiping away the blood that almost completely covered the face. Suddenly his hand paused. He uttered a low exclamation of wonder. In the very midst of the bloody stain, that is to say, near the temples, where the blow had been delivered, there was to be seen a slight elevation of another color.

Keeneyes rushed for the lamp and set it upon the floor. The color was faintly yellow. It was in fact a small particle of yellowish clay.

Evidently the blow had been dealt with some object which had visited the same surface of exposed clay that always marked the disappearances of the ladder. This, indeed, was very strange. But it was not nearly so strange as the vanishment of Howard's wife.

Just before the entrance of Keeneyes, she had been in the bedroom, screaming for help.

Now, she was gone.

Since the only door to the room was that through which Keeneyes had passed, there was no possible way for her to disappear so suddenly, but by the window.

"Or," muttered the detective thoughtfully, "through the iron trunk."

CHAPTER XXI.

ALL YELLOW.

As soon as Amonia had called the doctor over the telephone, and had been assured of his coming, she darted back to the bedroom.

This time, the detective made no effort to prevent her entrance.

Amonia stared at the prostrate form of Howard Willis, then looked at the bed. She did not see her mistress. Keeneyes was kneeling beside the motionless lawyer.

"Where is Mrs. Willis?" cried Amonia, hysterically.

Keeneyes shook his head.

"Is he dead?" Amonia asked, nodding toward the white face from which the detective had wiped most of the blood.

Keeneyes shook his head.

"What are you doing in here?" she cried wildly. "Where have you put Mrs. Willis? What have you done to Mr. Willis?"

Keeneyes shook his head.

Amonia gave a terrible scream, and ran from the room, and down the stairs to the front door. She unlocked it, flung it open, and darted out into the yard, shrieking, "Murder! Murder!"

Presently the windows of the houses nearby, were flung up. Amonia ran over to the house next door, to tell what she had seen.

"The detective has gone crazy and killed Mr. Willis," she gasped, "and he has hid Mrs. Willis away, somewhere."

In the meantime, the detective had hastened to Amonia's room to secure a lamp, and having brought it into the bedroom, he patiently awaited the arrival of the physician. But while he waited, he treated the stunned man to the best of his ability; for by this time he had found life in the prostrate form. Howard had been struck over the forehead, but not fatally.

When the doctor came, he found the yard filled with neighbors who had been attracted by Amonia's incoherent cries.

As soon as it became known that Keeneyes was in his right mind, and knew nothing of what had happened, all the neighbors formed themselves into a hunting squad, determined to find the missing Mrs. Willis.

They scoured the town in all directions, carrying lanterns. Their eager voices and excited footsteps awoke strange echoes, and their flashing lights gave picturesque effects to scenes ordinarily commonplace; but not a trace was found of the young wife.

In the meantime, Howard had been placed upon the bed, and after some time he opened his eyes. His first words were:

"Yellow! Yellow! Great heavens! Yellow!"

Keeneyes was instantly reminded of the faint yellowish stain which he had found upon Howard's blood-dyed brow—the stain of a bit of yellowish clay. He thought, too, of the mystery attaching to the yellowish stains on the diningroom wall, and the clay-stains of yellow on both ends of the ladder.

He asked the doctor, "Does he speak in consciousness?"

"Wait," the physician warned him. Howard's eyes were wild and rolling. He started up, and lifted himself as high as his elbow, while he glared about the bedroom.

Keeneyes and the physician did not utter a word.

Howard stared at them, then, as if paying them no heed, looked all about the room in shuddering fear. "Zadie!" he called in a choking voice. "Where ,are you, Zadie?"

Keeneyes looked at the physician as if to ask if Zadie was Howard's wife.

The doctor understood his questioning look and nodded.

"Mr. Zellers," whispered Howard, "where is my wife?" His manner was perfectly conscious, yet very peculiar. He added, "The iron trunk disappeared—yes, entirely; not a particle of it was there—and then he blew out the light ——" Howard roused himself as from a powerful spell, and called loudly:

"Zadie! Zadie! Zadie!"

The physician sought to quiet him.

"Ah," murmured Howard, sinking back, "where has she gone?" Then he added, "It was a dreadful thing—a terrible sight!"

"Mr. Willis," said Keeneyes, "they have gone to seek your wife, now." He referred to the neighbors who were scouring the town, but Howard, not understanding, and supposing he meant that Amonia was seeking her in some room of the house, was somewhat quieted.

"Am I desperately wounded?" Howard inquired.

"Not at all," replied the physician, cheerfully. "It is a beautiful wound—I mean an ugly wound, that is all—you are just stunned."

"Then help me up," Howard commanded, and, with their assistance, he was raised to a sitting posture, his head heavily bandaged. He glared at the iron trunk. "Ah, it has come back," he murmured.

"Come back?" the physician echoed.

"Yes, yes; I tell you it altogether disappeared. It must have gone straight through the floor."

"But that is impossible," said the detective, "for I was standing exactly under this floor, when I heard your cries."

"My cries?" repeated Howard, as if that reminded him. "But where is Zadie? Where is my wife? Gentlemen, why doesn't she come to me?"

Where was Mrs. Willis, indeed? That was a question which at that moment was perplexing and terrifying all Lumberburg.

Next week's Ledger will contain further chapters of this strange story. You will find it strong and captivating to the end. We will give you constantly the very best stories of entertainment that money will buy, so send in your subscription and take the Ledger regularly, if you are not doing so. You will not regret it.

* * *

Love's Foils.

Stella—I'm engaged to a struggling young lawyer.

Bella—Dear me; is he trying that hard to get away?

FEED YOUNG GIRLS

Must Have Right Food While Growing.

Great care should be taken at the critical period when the young girl is just merging into womanhood that the diet shall contain that which is upbuilding and nothing harmful.

At that age the structure is being formed and if formed of a healthy, sturdy character, health and happiness will follow; on the other hand unhealthy cells may be built in and a sick condition slowly supervene which, if not checked, may ripen into a chronic condition and cause life-long suffering.

A young lady says:

"Coffee began to have such an effect on my stomach a few years ago that I finally quit using it. It brought on headaches, pains in my muscles, and nervousness.

"I tried to use tea in its stead, but found its effects even worse than those I suffered from coffee. Then for a long time I drank milk at my meals, but at last it palled on me. A friend came to the rescue with the suggestion that I try Postum.

"I did so, only to find at first, that I didn't fancy it. But I had heard of so many persons who had been benefited by its use that I persevered, and when I had it made right—according to the directions on the package—I found it grateful in flavour and soothing and strengthening to my stomach. I can find no words to express my feeling of what I owe to Postum!

"In every respect it has worked a wonderful improvement—the headaches, nervousness, the pains in my side and back, all the distressing symptoms yielded to the magic power of Postum. My brain seems also to share in the betterment of my physical condition; it seems keener, more alert and brighter. I am, in short, in better health now than for a long while before, and I am sure I owe it to the use of your Postum." Name given by Postum Cereal Company, Battle Creek, Mich.

"There's a reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

Facing Fearsome Things.

(Continued from Page Two.)

these signs. In fine, in all such marvels, supposing even that there is no imposture, there must be a human being like ourselves by whom, or through whom, the effects presented to human beings are produced. It is so with the now familiar phenomena of mesmerism or electro-biology; the mind of the person operated on is affected through a material living agent. Nor, supposing it true that a mesmerized patient can respond to the will or passes of a mesmerizer a hundred miles distant, is the response less occasioned by a material being; it may be through a material fluid—call it Electric, call it Odic, call it what you will—which has the power of traversing space and passing obstacles that the material effect is communicated from one to the other. Hence all that I had hitherto witnessed, or expected to witness, in this strange house, I believed to be occasioned through some agency or medium as mortal as myself; and this idea necessarily prevented the awe with which those who regard as supernatural things that are not within the ordinary operations of nature might have been impressed by the adventures of that memorable night.

As, then, it was my conjecture that all that was presented, or would be presented, to my senses must originate in some human being gifted by constitution with the power so to present them, and having some motive so to do, I felt an interest in my theory which, in its way, was rather philosophical than superstitious. And I can sincerely say that I was in as tranquil a temper for observation as any practical experimentalist could be in awaiting the effects of some rare, though perhaps perilous, chemical combination. Of course, the more I kept my mind detached from fancy, the more the temper fitted for observation would be obtained; and I therefore riveted eye and thought on the strong daylight sense in the page of my Macaulay.

I now became aware that something interposed between the page and the light—the page was overshadowed: I looked up, and I saw what I shall find it difficult, perhaps impossible, to describe.

Concluded next week.

* * *

THE WRONG GIRL

"By all means, Marjorie," said that young woman's married sister. "You're a goose to hesitate. Call up George and just tell him that two tickets to a concert were sent to you, and that you would be pleased if he would go with you. George will be delighted, I know."

"Perhaps so," responded Marjorie, "but I dislike calling up any man. His mother, sisters, brothers, aunts, uncles, brother-in-law and the stranger within his gates always know all about it. The only men I don't object to calling up are orphans. Still, this time I will accept your motherly advice, so here is where I drop my nickel."

She left the room. A few minutes later she returned, saying: "He knew my voice immediately, so I didn't have to tell my name. Now Mrs. Know-it-all on our line can't talk about me tomorrow. He said, "Of course I'll go, but I may be a trifle late."

As the clock struck 8 that evening Marjorie remarked to her married sister: "Don't you think George is rather late? He's always so punctual."

"He'll be here presently," answered the married sister. "Maybe he cut himself shaving and he can't find a piece of court plaster."

"He never shaves himself," responded Marjorie.

"Well, maybe his barber shop was so crowded he could not get a chair. I know what a time Billy has getting shaved," said the married sister.

After a long silence Marjorie said: "The concert begins at 8. It's 8:30 now. Where in the world is that man?"

"'Phone him again and discover the cause of this delay," suggested the married sister. "Maybe a long-lost brother arrived unexpectedly from Timbuctoo."

"He hasn't any long-lost brother," objected Marjorie. "He knows the exact position of every member of the family. I wish I had finished that splendid book I was reading instead of sitting here with my long white kid gloves on."

At 9:30 Marjorie jumped up, exclaiming: "I am going to put on my $1,000 silk kimono and read the last book Harold sent me, eat the candy that came from Harold today and forget there ever was such a person as George or so impossible a thing as a Tuesday night concert."

"I'm dreadfully sorry, dear," said the married sister. "I don't think I understand it. George would never break an engagement except for something overwhelmingly important. He's not that kind. Maybe his house is on fire and he is saving the family heirlooms."

"Mildred Morton Morse," exclaimed Marjorie. "I beg you not to 'maybe' me any more. With that wonderful imaginations of yours 'Peter Pan' himself is put to shame. How did that matter-of-fact husband of yours ever win you? And you and he seem crazy about each other, too. This is a peculiar world," added she. "Kiss your disappointed sister good night."

"Listen!" said the married sister. "There's the door bell. It's George, at last."

"Where have you been?" exclaimed the sisters, in chorus.

"Speak now or forever hold your peace," added Marjorie.

"First let me get my breath," gasped the offender. "I'm exhausted, Marjorie. I'm horribly sorry that I've spoiled your evening. But we'll make up for it somehow. Listen to my story before you order me shot at sunrise.

"When you called me up, Marjorie, you remember, you asked, 'Do you know who this is?' As you are always so stingy about calling up a fellow, I never dreamed it could be you. Well, anyway, I thought it was Dorothy. Honest, I did.

"There being a breakdown on the car track this evening," George continued, "it took me just one hour to arrive at the wrong girl's house. Her father answered the door bell. Before I could explain that I didn't come to stay, he grabbed my hat, coat and gloves, thrust a cigar into my hand, pushed me into an armchair and told me to watch a champion bridge game between three of his old cronies and himself.

"Then I managed to say, 'I'm waiting for Dorothy.'

"'You'll have a long wait, my boy,' replied her father. 'Dorothy is in Lake Forest. She's been there for a week—some bridal doing, I think.'

"'But she telephoned to me to take her to a concert tonight,' I said.

"'It must have been some other girl,' he laughed. 'The joke is on you.'

"With that he and his friends shouted with laughter. I believe they are laughing yet."

"You poor boy," said Marjorie's sister.

Marjorie remained silent.

"I grabbed my hat, coat, gloves and cane," George proceeded, "and rushed to the nearest drug store. A suspicion as to the real owner of the voice that called me up today had dawned on my dense mind. It took ten minutes for the highly-perfumed clerk to give me a slug for my nickel, then I waited fifteen minutes more before I discovered that your 'phone was out of order.

"Well, I'm here at last, and I can say to you that I'm positively crestfallen. But you will forgive me, won't you, Marjorie?"

"Would you, Mildred?" asked Marjorie.

But the married sister was in paroxysms of laughter, so she could only nod by way of assent.

* * *

Hop Pillows.

A man who suffered from sleeplessness picked up in Austria recently what seemed to him to be the best remedy he had ever found. It was nothing more or less than a pillow stuffed with hops. An Austrian peasant woman recommended it not alone as a sleep producer, but as a beautifier as well.

Returning to this country the man bought some New York State hops, famous for their beer making qualities, but to his surprise they did not work as well as the hops he had tried abroad. He found out by experiment that hops that made good beer didn't necessarily produce good sleep.

After he had sampled a lot of different kinds of hops he found that by mixing hops grown in Bohemia with hops grown in California and Oregon he got a combination which seemed to answer all purposes in the sleep producing line.

He decided that he had hit it right when he took a couple of pillows he had stuffed with his combination in his office downtown home with him on the elevated, says the New York Sun. He got in at Rector street carrying the pillow and sat in one of the double seats. Two men and a messenger boy sat with him.

At Fifty-ninth street all three were in profound slumber. Several other persons who had been reading newspapers near him were in evident distress in their efforts to keep awake.

Inquiry at different drug stores seemed to indicate that the hop pillow idea was a new one, though hops have long been known to have sleep inducing qualities, as shown particularly in the case of beer. According to those who have tried hop pillows, you get all the soporific qualities of the hops in this way without breaking any temperance pledges or suffering any harmful effects.

* * *

In the Bookstore.

The man behind the bookstore counter was watching the fellow next to the magazine stand. As the latter started out the clerk went after him.

"See here, sir, you'll have to pay for that magazine or put it back," he said.

"I'm committing no theft," said the person accosted; "can't you see I am only taking an Outing?"

"Well, just let me tell you, my man," answered the dealer, "Success in Life depends on a lot of Work, and if I am any Judge, Everybody's apt to hold the Mirror up to you and let you reflect on your peculiar manner of taking an Outing."

Whereupon, musing that the Outlook was dark as a Black Cat, if he didn't pay up, the culprit forked over.

"I MADE $20 TODAY"

Sold 48 This Week, (profit $91.20,) write
M. G. Clark, Mont.

"WOMEN BUY AT SIGHT"

SCRUBS
DRIES FLOORS
CLEANS
AND
BRIGHTENS
OLD WAY

Started yesterday; sold 10 and today 12 more. It's gold mine. Rush 50 more." writes J. H. Hodson, N. Y. Hundreds of men and wo men making

$50 TO $100 A WEEK

actually making a week's wages every day. They're banking money, buying homes, automobiles. New discovery makes it easy for them—should do the same for you. Tremendous sale of the

"HOME COMFORT" SCRUBBING AND FLOOR DRYING MACHINE

breaks all records. New, popular, irresistible—double your money every sale. Every housewife a customer. World's greatest labor saving invention. No more back breaking scrubbing and floor cleaning days. New marvelous machine replaces hands, brushes, unsanitary rags and hand disfiguring [illegible] Vibration does the work. Scrubs, dries floors, [illegible] brightens — removes dirt, grease, stains [illegible] works like mag- [illegible] send to [illegible] Turnsea [illegible] Camera [illegible] It is the [illegible] maker [illegible] please the [illegible] task.

$3.50

Child can do it the Home Co fort way. Weighs 7 pound

Sells for $3.50—last for years. Not sold in store Home Comfort is truly a never ending househo boon. Pleases, astonishes all. Customers wond how they ever got along without it. Mrs. Harris, Ill writes: "Home Comfort has been a God-send. It's easy to scrub and clean. Really wonderful h quick it works." Mrs. H. Cole, N. Y. writes: "I a simply delighted. Robs scrubbing and floor cleani of all its hard work and takes so little time. clean dirtiest floors with scarcely any effort C. Barnes, S. C. writes: "No other invention mea so much to the home. I am booking orders li lightning. It takes every woman by storm." Wh woman hasn't been eagerly waiting for the Scru bing and Floor Cleaning Machine. It's here—pe fected—selling like wildfire. Sells for $3.50 banishes forever woman's worst torture. Could an thing be more appreciated, popular, irresistibl Don't delay—seize this live opportunity. Be first get exclusive territory—make a fortune. Send t day for agency, free sample and credit term

SANITARY SUPPLY CO., Box 314 Sta. P, TOLEDO, OH

Save $50 On a Typewriter

By Selling to Yourself

We will send you an Oliver No. 3. on five days' trial, without one cent of deposit. Let it sell itself and save you $50. If you decide to keep it, send us $5 monthly for ten months.

We buy these machines by the thousands, direct from the factory. We let them sell themselves, saving agents and salesmen. Thus we save you one-half what Olivers cost sold in person. Our book, "Typewriter Secrets," explains all. Ask us now to mail it.

TYPEWRITERS DISTRIBUTING SYNDICATE
728 Masonic Temple, Chicago (12)

FREE WATCH, RING & CHAIN FRE
FOR SELLING POST CARD

We give absolutely Free, Ste wind, Stem-set, beautifully engraved pl ed watch, equal in appearance to so gold watch. American made, guarante 5 years, and a beautiful ring, for selling only 20 packages of beautiful, high-grade, art post cards at 10c a package. Order 20 packages and when sold send us $2 and we will positively send you the Watch, Ring a Chain. HICKS CARD CO., Lock Box 188, Kankakee, I

PURPLE SHOE LAC

SOMETHING NEW

We have the most beautiful Shoe La for this summer for Ladies and Gentleme It's purple mercerized silk, 1¼ inches wi 30 inches long; used on high and low t shoes. It makes the most beautiful bo you wish.

If you cannot get them from your dealer send 35 cen in money order for one pair; two pair 60 cents. Addre

Purple Shoe Lace Co., 9 So. LaSalle St. Room G208, Chica

Sent on Approval. Send no Money. $2.00
WE WILL TRUST YOU 10 DAYS. HAIR SWITC
Choice of natural wavy or straight hair. Send a lock of your ha and we will mail a 22-in. short stem fine hum hair switch to match. If you find it a big barga remit $2 in ten days or sell 3 and get you switch free. Extra shades a little more Enclose 5c postage. Free beauty book showi latest style of hair dressing, also high gra switches, pompadours, wigs, etc.
Anna Ayers, Dept. 766
22 Quincy S
Chicago

HYP

Easily learned by mail cost. SUCCESS GUARA ticulars. FREE. E. H.

SONG PO

—That are successful—brin writers. Send us your manu PARTICULARS. Publicati H. Kirkus Dugdale Co., D

BE AN ORGAN

WRITE AT ONCE. Address BO

PLEASING Poses,
"Personal Magnetism,

TRANCE or DEATH

or A Doctor's Mystic Power

By ALVAH MILTON KERR.

Begun in No. 16, April 22. Subscriptions can begin with that issue, or back copies can be obtained from news stands, or our agents, or by mail from the office of publication.

CHAPTER XIV.

IT WAS a pregnant moment, that in which I found myself bending, lance in hand, above the dying colored lad. The hour was midnight. There was something appealing to the better part of me in the holy hush, the solemn scene, the tender moonlight falling upon the convulsed face of the boy, as he lay, with head thrown back upon the door-sill, struggling for life.

"Bring another candle and light it, Aunt Lucy [illegible] Uncle Joe, you bring the hand-bag from the horse, please. Bring a pan of water, too, Aunt Lucy." And still I stood debating.

What had I to do with the boy's life? [illegible] not nature's work? Was it not [illegible] process and His will to turn the [illegible]nts built into the boy back again [illegible] their native state? Was the boy's life more valuable or precious than the existencne of the worm or the fly, which God every day let fall into destruction?

Old Joe set the hand-bag at my feet. I opened it and began mechanically tearing a muslin shirt into bandages.

Yes, there was human love; that made it all different. The worm, the fly, all things in nature, save man, being born, were soon cast off and became as much as thistle-down, blowing helplessly and uselessly here and there. Only about the human life, from the cradle to the grave, hovered the white dove of love, feeding it and proving it priceless and divine. Besides, was it not indubitable fact that he who can save and will not is quite as guilty as he who brings destruction? If this boy were blind and walking over a precipice, and I, sitting there and seeing full well, put not out my hand to save him, but used the eyes nature gave me only to look down where a choice piece of its handiwork lay in ruin at the bottom of the abyss, would I not go onward in life not only unworthy of my powers, but a murderer in fact?

I put my fingers on the brown, backward-drawn throat of the boy, feeling for the lower edge of the swollen membrane.

Yet, what if this same throat should speak the words which should stretch my own neck from the gallows-beam! What if, in fact, my mother were still alive, lying there in her satins in the chilly crypt! Who, if such a miracle were possible, would rescue her from final dissolution and decay, were I removed from life or shut in prison? Yet, how could I take more guilt upon my half-crazed soul? Life to me would come to be unendurable; I should fling it away as unfit for continuance, ending all in crime!

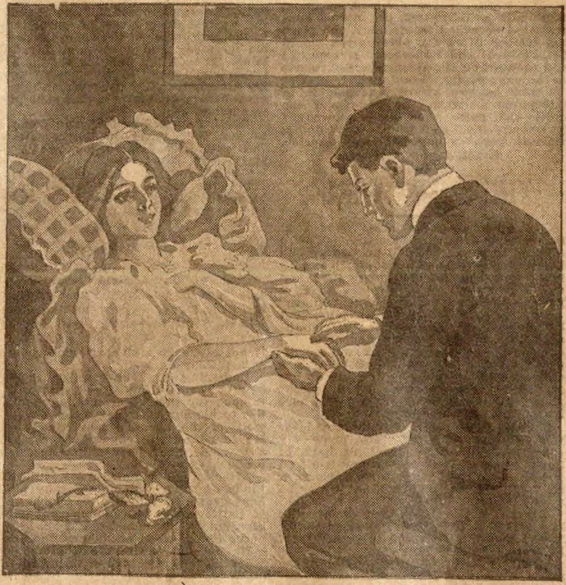
All this rushed over me as I stood there; not the words arranged in clauses as here set down, but the sense of it, flashing through my consciousness like a flying light.

The boy was insensible; an anesthetic would be useless. I had never wielded the knife in so delicate a task. But a master stood by—stern Necessity. I cut carefully into the windpipe, while old Joe fell back with uplifted hands and staring eyes. "My Gord, Marse Francis, yo' goin' murder him?" he exclaimed. With a cry of consternation Aunt Lucy fled into the house, where I heard her moaning and calling on Heaven for help and mercy.

As the saving knife entered the breath passage of the throat, the air rushed into the thirsty, sucking lungs in a whistling stream. I took a tube from the case, placed it in the incision, and dressed and bound up the wound about it. In a few minutes consciousness returned to the lad, and I at once thanked God for the little skill Providence had
given me [illegible] even to this day—and
[illegible] at e[illegible] years ago—I have not
[illegible] man eyes so grate-
[illegible] ht.
[illegible] protested "dat
[illegible] Gord hisself,"
[illegible] but from that
[illegible] was given me
[illegible] ack lad's life, I
[illegible] self a tenderer
[illegible] has been my lot
[illegible] perhaps it may
[illegible] it has been my
[illegible] other lives, but think-
[illegible] years, I seem to find
[illegible] han that trying mid-
[illegible] ble threshold.
[illegible] mal state, being so
[illegible] a thing, what can
[illegible] n to save it in him
[illegible] g away? On the
[illegible] t so incalculably precious, what can be more maddening to a sensitive soul than to have deprived another of it? It was thus with me in that hour. I could feel the blessedness of having blest another no longer than through the few minutes of supreme forgetfulness of self when I stood watching the all but miraculous result; that passed, and I was again in darkness.

We laid the lad upon a bed, and I did that which I thought best for him in other ways. Old Joe tethered my horse upon a patch of grass at the end of the garden, Aunt Lucy prepared some coffee, and having drained a cup of it, I took a quilt out under a tree and lay down, and, exhausted beyond all expression, fell asleep.

When I awoke the long, low beams of a rising sun were creeping under the tree, and touching my eyelids as with the ends of rosy fingers. I sat up and stared about me. The bay colt in the grass plot at the end of the garden had the tethering rope wound about one of his front legs, and stood helpless, looking toward me. I arose, and, going to him, unwound the rope. I found the limb somewhat chafed, but not seriously injured, and, turning, I entered the cabin.



"Will you let me look at your hurt?"

The boy was sleeping, breathing easily through the tube; Aunt Lucy sat by the bed fanning him; old Joe lay asleep upon a quilt in one corner.

"Gord bress yo,' honey, but it do my ole eyes good to see yo' back ergin!" was the old mammy's greeting, as she looked at me fondly. "Yo' geetin' be a grete big chap, ain' yo'? An, my king, how yo' does look lak de Mistis! 'Pears to me dough, honey, dat yo' lookin' so't o' peaked lak. I knows w'at 'tis done warin' yo' out. I been cryin' 'bout de Mistis mos' ebery night since she done gone. Sometimes 'pears lak I ha'dly ken eat fo' t'inkin' 'bout dat." The tears ran down the broad black cheeks.

I could not speak, but went to the bed, and, waking the lad, began an examination of his throat. Aunt Lucy, occasionally wiping her eyes with her gingham apron, set about preparing breakfast.

Having treated the lad with sulphate of quinia, and leaving a detergent chlorinated wash for his throat, and having appeased hunger with Aunt Lucy's bacon, eggs and coffee, I went out and saddled the colt. Nothing had been said by the old couple touching my father's absence. Their silence was of an ominous tendency, I thought. When I had led the horse to the gate, old Joe, garrulously quarreling with his halting legs, came out to shut it. When I had mounted and passed out he leaned over the gate.

"Marse Francis," he began, hesitatingly, "has yo' heard anyt'ing from Marse Stanwood?"

"No, I have not, Uncle Joe."

"'Pears lak he done gone off on one of his trips, I s'pose?"

I looked at him steadily for a moment. There was much at stake. "Uncle Joe, when you were at the Magnolias the other day, did you witness a disturbance upon the bridge when you were starting for home?"

"I didn' see much, Marse Francis; 'twuz too da'k." He was visibly trembling.

"Tell me precisely what you saw, Uncle Joe."

"Well, I wuz 'bove de bridge 'bout a hund'ed feet or mo', me an' Washington Biler, comin' down de paf 'long de riber sho', w'en suddent we heah a scufflin' on de bridge an' look up. It wuz gittin' da'k 'long de riber caise de trees mak so much shade, but we ken see some figgers movin' roun' mighty fas' an' heah de soun' ob blows. Den de figgers git down on the flooh ob de bridge a minnet, den they up ergin, den dare come a bang, an' fire fly outen a gun, an' somet'ing da'k drap f'om de bridge inter de watah. Den me an' Washington dat skeert we done tuck to our heels an' run up de riber a right sma'tways; dare we sot down ergin a fence an' listen. After a bit we heah hoss' hoofs beatin' lively time off up de road. I didn' know w'at to do, but I bleeged to t'ink dat I bettah g'long home an' ten' to my own bizness; so aftah while we sta't, an' w'en we done pass dat bridge yo' bettah bleebe we shake de dust off our foots libely!"

"Uncle Joe," I said, after a moment's thought, "there were three persons upon that bridge. I was one of them, and was engaged in the quarrel. That which took place there may occasion me serious trouble. Would it be asking too much of you if I requested that you do not talk about it to others?"

"Marse Francis," he said in an awed way, "if dare's anyt'ing in dis worl' dat I ken do fo' yo' yo' ken sho'ly 'pend on me."

"Thank you, Uncle Joe. I will go now. I shall go up the shore road to Garcia, and will ask Dr. Dubette to come and attend the boy. I may not come again. I may have to go away. Good-by."

The old man reached his knotted black hand over the gate, and as I clasped it, he quavered, "Good-by, Marse Francis; yo' ken sho'ly 'pend on me."

Finding my way out to the sea through a poor tortuous road, I followed the wavering beach line to the town. There after some inquiry, I found Dr. Dubette, and explained the matter of the boy's illness and the operation I had performed, and requested that he lend his services in the case. This he consented to, and I rode onward to Magnolia Place.

I went homeward slowly, brooding over my troubles, as was my wont, and when I rode through the avenue of pepper trees leading from the bridge to the house, the sun was at the zenith.

I found Marguerite lying upon a divan in the drawingroom. She seemed purity itself, being dressed in a white clinging fabric, and her flesh being so clear from her recent loss of blood. Her hazel eyes and light brown hair seemed the more lustrous for their snowy setting. A faint carmine had begun to creep back into her lips; that seemed her only color.

She put out her hand to me and smiled, and, sad and wretched as I was, it gave me pleasure.

I once sat in a cave which opened deep-mouthed on the sea. A storm was going by, and the place was dismal and hooting with echoes from the thunder and tempest without. But suddenly the storm died, and sunlight fell upon the waters before the cavern and splashed up against the black roof above me, and lived along it for a while in silvery dapples. It was much like that with me through the first moments of our meeting that day. The reflection of her smile entered and illuminated my gloomy spirit as with sunlight.

"You disappointed me last night," she said, as she held my hand and smiled up to my face. "What news do you bring?"

Instantly the sunshine was dead for me. "I am sorry," I said, stumblingly, "sorry for—many, many things; among them, and most of all, perhaps, that I also bring you disappointment. I have no news."

She looked at me, a shade of trouble on her lovely face. "Has your father been to Garcia? Was he there that day?"

"Yes, he was there and took dinner at the tavern. His horse is still in the stable there."

"And you found no letter for me?"

"None."

"Well," she said, with more quiet than I should have thought possible, "he must have gone upon one of those business journeys of which he told me. I fancy he has gone to New Orleans; no, maybe to Tampa. I shall no doubt get a letter from him soon."

I stood looking out upon the multitude of flowers in the garden, yet did not consciously see them. After a little space I lifted my eyes, and saw the shimmering sea to the southwest, and its islands, far dots of green in a waste of bluish silver. Would she get a letter? Ah, God! that it were possible!

CHAPTER XV.

As my eye went over the wide, beauteous wilderness, I thought of the white hand which, but for me, might have written her a letter. Where was that hand now? A puffed, wrinkled thing buried in the mud of the Traloume or the Dead-lanes, or tossing and beckoning to heaven from the swaying fields of brine far to the south!

I turned about and looked at the young wife. My whole nature seemed to make a desperate, forward surge. I would tell her all; whatever fell I would tell the truth! If it were ignominy, shame, the grave, or what not, let it come! I was beginning to love this woman; I would not deceive her as to the infinite wrong I had done! She should know all.

She lay with her lace handkerchief held up above her eyes, musingly inspecting the delicate embroidery against the light, a placid, contented look upon her face.

I drew in my breath to speak, when suddenly her eyes fluttered to my face, a look of innocent delight and expectation in them. "Well, I think I shall not be lonely at any rate, for you are going to remain, are you not?"

"I shall not go elsewhere while you need me," I said, though the reason for or import of this speech was not wholly clear to me.

She smiled gratefully. "You would wonder at me; you would almost be shocked, I fear, if I told you how thankful I am," she said.

"I am shocked that I receive your gratitude and enjoy it without a protest," I said.

She looked at me curiously. "Why?" she queried.

"Because I have done so little to deserve it."

"Oh! How like you that is! You forget what you did for me in the Dead-lanes the other night, do you not?" Her eyes swam in smiling light, which, with the lapse of the moment, seemed to thicken and stand still under her fallen lashes, two crystal tears.

"Yes, I am ashamed to say it, but I had all but forgotten that," I said. "I should properly have inquired about your wound, too, but it has not occurred to me until now. You see, I may be generous, but I am not at all thoughtful, and that failing in people, I believe, usually neutralizes any virtue which may lie in the other. Will you let me look at your hurt now?"

It was a white and shapely member, this arm; a shade too long perhaps, faintly too thin, yet round and delicate; an arm, I think, which would have pleased an artist. I know that, stained as I was, I longed to lay my lips against its cool, blue-veined snow. Yet, so strange and conflicting are human promptings, had a ship's keel passed over me it seems to me its weight would not have crushed my lips down upon that snowy arm. I could not have so polluted it; I could not at that moment by any possibility have done her such pleasurable violence. When for the first time in life a great love is growing in the heart, the object of it becomes strangely sacred. It was thus with me. I unwrapped the bandages without touching her. The wound was progressing favorably. I went into my room, and, bringing a sponge and water, bathed it; then, having laid a cloth wet in cooling medicine about it, replaced the bandages.

When I had finished she turned her face toward me. "How is the hurt you gave yourself to get the—the—blood?" she faltered.

"Oh, it troubles me but little. It was not nearly so serious a wound as yours. I simply removed the skin at a point where the artery was near the surface, and sewed it back again. I have not yet taken off the surgeon's plaster to see how it is doing, but it pains me little, and I think will get well without any particular attention."

"I cannot conceive how you could do it; it would be so impossible to me. Men are so brave—at least some of them."

"There never was a man yet as brave as the bravest woman; men are simply more brutal."

"Oh, you surely are not fair in your estimate!"

"I think I am. The most courageous man is the one who has the bravery to be fine, forgiving, gentle, most like a woman. The hazard of the physical is the lower expression of courage. Women, I take it, are the more courageous in the field of morals, and, you know, the grade of the deed must determine its value and title to praise."

"You are very gallant and generous at any rate, though I fancy you stretch the garment of glory a little to make it fit us." She lay smiling at me, her fine eyes full of light.

"Did you have a comfortable night at Garcia?" she asked.

"I did not remain there over night. I came away at noon yesterday, and went to find father's old servant, Joe Jackson, who lives west and south of Garcia on Mangrove Creek. I spent the night there."

Suddenly the shining visage of Sam appeared.

"De dinnah am imposed upon de table an' waitin'," he said, with an elaborate obeisance.

"Come here, Sam, please," said Marguerite, laughing at his top-lofty manner and speech. "Let me rest my hand upon your arm as we go to the diningroom; I am not yet entirely sure of myself when walking. No doubt Mr. Stanwood will want to go to his room before coming down."

She bowed to me and laid her hand upon the black man's arm, who stepped away with the proud bearing of a knight leading his lady into a ballroom. As they passed through the doorway she threw me a little smile over her shoulder, which, as it were some sort of spiritual flower, I hid in my bosom, where it lay warm and fragrant.

In every male heart where love springs it seems to take root in a soil of smiles. It was so with me. I had so torn, so sore a heart, the sunshine of her assuring face fell upon my secret, unseen hurts like balm.

When I entered the diningroom that day, and, surrounded by its harmonious hues, saw her smiling eager face across the snowy table, with flowers and fruits and smoking viands between us, again a kind of quiet and soothing fell upon me. I can only plead that I was young, jaded, sick of mental suffering, and at all times weakly human. Ever throughout life, kindness, love, were surest means for my subjugation. She could not by any other method be more surely revenged upon me, for, should the gods themselves wish to lay punishment upon a man, could they select a lash more grievous than a hopeless love?

I cannot remember now all of that which we touched upon in talk. I told her something of the great school in the North, its methods, curriculum, associations; of the scenery and the lives of the people in the two or three States where I had visited or lived; but I spoke most, I think, of that teeming, indescribable hive of human effort, the huge town where, as assistant, I had worked some months in a hospital.

To Develop the Bust

To Beauty Editor: I am so ashamed of my thin bust that I want to ask you if there is any harmless way to develop it. My hips and the rest of my body are right for the present styles and I do not want them any larger, but my bust is so flat that I would try anything that gave hope of even three or four more inches development. MARY S.

The only thing I know of that will develop the bust without increasing the size of the hips, or without putting on flesh where not needed, is a prescription put up by The Dr. Kelly Co., especially for small and undeveloped breasts. It is the discovery of a woman physician whose practice was largely among her own sex and in most cases increases the bust measure four to six inches in a month. Send 10c to the Dr. Kelly Co., Dept. 92EB, Buffalo, N. Y., and they will send you a trial package of the treatment without charge. This is said to be of great value in cases of arrested development of the bust and will give a full, beautiful form without anyone knowing that the treatment was used.

Many mothers have told me that after the baby had been weaned, the breasts became flabby and shrunken, but the use of Dr. Kelly's prescription made them full and firm. Do not use pads or bust forms, as they never look natural and have a bad effect upon the general health. Neither would I recommend ordinary flesh builders or tonics, as they increase the hips and limbs and with the present styles the form should be slender everywhere except a generously developed bust.

To all I uttered she listened with absorbing interest. In turn she told me that she had in most part been educated privately. She had been in a sisters' school for two years, but chiefly for the study of music.

"That was in the South?" I suggested.

"Yes," she said, after a moment's hesitation, "in New Orleans."

I said no more upon that head. I could not choose else than to respect her reticence touching herself, for, despite the seeming anomaly of her silence, I respected her; yes, infinitely. She was so frank, so trusting, so clear of muddying suspicions, it seemed impossible that she should have ever been capable of a moral enormity of any sort. If wrong of any description lay back of her silence I felt that it had but one explanation, one apology—maiden ignorance. Yet she seemed very wise, at least in pure things.

As for her affection for my father, that puzzled me. It seemed rather the feeling of a daughter for a father than the yearning warmth of a new-made wife. The relation had not been a natural one; that shone upon the face of it; for my father had been more than twice her age, though still magnificently handsome. Was it possible that she, too, was a conquest of that psychic influence, which, in his writings, he claimed to have laid on many lives? Was she the victim of delusion? Or had she in pure sanity given herself to him for some dark or strong cause personal to others? Or, may be, personal to herself? The matter hung in mystery. There, perforce, I must leave it.

That afternoon I walked about the estate, setting things to rights in such wise as I could. All the way and through all the hours I dragged an invisible chain; the consciousness of what I was, my father's end, my mother lying bound in the frost of death, or that which seemed as cold, there in the crypt under the oaks upon the knoll. All the time I was trying to determine what I should do. But thought beat against a height so impossible of passage it fell back weary with the effort. Where I should go for the help I needed was all beyond me. Yet, how long could I remain with Marguerite in any case? Suspicion must surely fasten upon me in the end. There had been something ominous, strange, in the manner of Marker and others at Garcia. It must be known that I came home the night of my father's disappearance, the unthinking hints of old Joe that something desperate had occurred upon the bridge that evening, the horse's mysterious return to its stall in the town, these would surely bear me bitter fruit ultimately. If the stranger who came upon the bridge when the sad drama was in action had been seen with my father's horse, it would all assume a different aspect. As it was, he had seemingly come and gone as unnoticed as a wandering wind.

CHAPTER XVI.

When the moon swung out of the eastern pines in the evening of that day which brought me from Garcia, the hour was approaching nine. For, as I walked up and down the graveled path in the garden, my eyes upon the huge dead world heaving out of the trees, I presently heard the announcement of the hour by the chiming clock in the dining-hall of the house.

I had gone up the north road after the evening meal, and, striking into the grass land, where a small bridge spanned the creek, followed the stream across the open into the woods. There, as on the first wild night of my home-coming, I had plunged into a pool among the willows and laved away the day's soilure. The cool water had left me less feverish of thought, less jarred and wandering of impulse. That delicious sense of soothing which follows the tonic dash of cool water over the physical man had invaded my every nerve. I was touched with a restful languor, yet felt my mind clear, though not active.

Flowers were about me, so many it would seem pedantic to name them. With both my parents the love of flowers had been as a passion. To my mother I sometimes thought so much perfume was hurtful, so delicate and susceptible was she. But to my father the richest odors seemed a pleasure. He had the Oriental hardihood in that respect, the Persian thirst for rich color and intoxicating sweets.

At the north end of the garden, east of the house, stood an arbor, the whole surface of which was a riot of red trumpet flowers; again at the west end of the garden, south of the house, stood a structure of bamboo, on all sides of which had been planted climbing rose. With the flight of years of warmth and moisture this airy shed had become walled and roofed with leaves and bloom. It was a cave reeking with sweet.

Marguerite came out upon the lower gallery and stood leaning against one of the pillars. The moonlight fell against her whole white length. She looked a beauteous statue, snowy, silvery pure. As I walked, I presently came where she stood, and sat down upon the gallery edge not far from her feet.

She looked down upon my face and smiled. "You did not think me strong enough to come down like this?" she queried. "It does try my strength a little, but I am gaining wonderfully." She looked out over the moon-whitened world and sighed. "Sometimes I think it lonely here," she went on, "but after all it is very, very beautiful. Did you ever analyze it—beauty? I have tried. It seems very difficult to put it in words. Don't you find it so?"

"I am not sure that I ever made the attempt," I said. "It is always a thing felt rather than perceived, I fancy. We think we see it, but the feeling awakened in the soul is the real thing, and no one yet ever really put a feeling into words. We have a certain set of symbols which are supposed to express us, but these are empty save to those who have some time felt the thing they attempt to convey, and even to these the symbols of expression are much as the babblings of babes."

"Yes, that is it," she said; "in part, at least. It must first be in the heart, the inner beauty mirroring the beauty without. Is it not so?"

"I confess that I cannot remember having ever considered it until now. It is surely a rather delicate question for the male brain to answer. But what you say expresses the sense of it which comes to me now. I can recall instances when I have been in the presence of very great beauty, and—I suppose for want of the inner beauty of which you speak—I could not feel or perceive it. Yes, one must be beautiful within, must have a clear spirit, I take it, in which to mirror the loveliness that lies without."

"And it is so with music, I think. We hear through the heart rather than the ear?"

"You are very subtle; it is the way of the feminine mind. You go before; we lumbering men come after. Yes, I have to agree with you, for I remember to have listened more than once to that which I had every reason to believe was very splendid music, yet found no sense or pleasure in it, while, in another hour and mood, a simple melody has moved me strongly."

Thus we talked on, our spirits near together, indulging a pleasurable hair-splitting of themes which age wearily ignores and youth finds ever marvelous. We knew but little, so little in this world being really knowable, but we guessed, as youth ever will, at the solution of things insoluble since the world began. Again the thorns in my heart ceased to have points. Through it all I was conscious of an undercurrent of the troubles which beset me, but I felt no pain. At last I said: "Are you not tired? It is growing late."

"Yes, a little," she said. "As my physician you have been very indulgent. I am grateful. But I wish you would indulge me just a little further, and let me walk down the path to the bottom of the garden. The night blooming cereus, I think, will flower tonight. I have been watching it of late."

I arose and she laid her slim hand upon my arm, and we passed slowly down the path in the direction of the river. Beyond the rose-arbor, in an open plot strewn with gravel and stones, we came to the great cactus, a knotted, creeping monster sprawling upon its stony bed. We both gave a cry of delight and astonishment. Its huge buds were opening! The coarse, repulsive thing, a clustering heap of thick, needle-edged leaves, was being set with a hundred glistening goblets of snow! On scaly necks of greenish-gray these blossom-bowls seemed straining toward the moon as if inspired with life.

We stood over the wonder, peering into the golden-hearted cups, and whispering. It seemed so like a visible movement of matter's innate soul, so like the opening of strange, unearthly lips to speak of things invisible to human eyes, it hushed us. We stood in the presence of a beautiful and awing thing, the suddenly exposed life of the plant reaching toward its god, the moon. The light played upon the curved lips of these goblets of perfume, and illumined their golden hearts until they were as glowing lamps. It was like witchery.

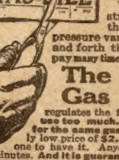
"With the dawn they will close forever," Marguerite whispered, with a sigh. "How sad it seems!"

"Ah, well, they have their one night of glory," I said. "Their existence is brief but wonderful. Perhaps it is better so."

We moved slowly toward the house. "It is an example of the law of compensation in nature, I suppose," I went on. "Homely and sad things are permitted to endure the greatest while. I expect to live to a great age."

"Oh, fie on you! You do not put it nicely at all," she exclaimed, with a return of her bright smile. "Why make it personal? Say rather that birds with glorious voices are given sober coats because highly colored feathers would distract the attention of the listeners, and that butterflies live but a few days because their happiness is too great, their hearts break with joy."

"Yes, they die of self-admiration. They are so occupied in looking at their wings they forget to eat. And your highly colored birds are so taken up with fixing


Cut Down Those Gas Bills
GAS BILL

Are Your Gas Bills Too High?

If your gas bills are too high—if they are constant reminders of the "high cost of living," you'll be glad to learn of a way to reduce them.

It isn't the fault of the meter; and in most cases the gas people are honest. It's because the flow of gas is not controlled.

When the pressure is too strong, you use more gas than you need. When the pressure varies, the gas travels back and forth through the meter. You pay many times for gas you only use once.

The Economy Gas Governor

regulates the flow of gas, so you cannot use too much. And it prevents paying for the same gas many times. Its extremely low price of $2.00 delivered, enables everyone to have it. Anyone can attach it in a few minutes. And it is guaranteed to cut down your gas bills 20 to 50%, or money refunded. The Economy Gas Governor is the biggest little thing ever invented.

Order now under our guarantee, or simply ask for complete description and we'll explain everything.

The Economy Specialty Co., 701 Best Bldg. Rock Island, Ill.

YOUR PICTURE
ONE MINUTE
FOR 5 CENTS

$27.00 Profi
In One D

Machine a sure money getter—better than a mint. That's what Mr. J. R. Gray, of Pickens, Mississippi, writes. The Wonder Cannon Camera will do the same for you. It is the biggest outdoor money-maker today. Makes photo buttons at the rate of [illegible] minute. No experience needed. Write for

Free Catalog

Be your own boss. Be independent on only a $25.00 investment. This buys a complete outfit—Wonder Cannon Camera, Tripod and supplies to make 400 finished photo buttons. Will ship outfit upon receipt of $5.00 deposit—balance C. O. D.

Don't waste valuable time getting started in this Big Money-Getting Business. Fairs, street corners and all outdoor attractions offer big opportunities to hustlers.

CHICAGO FERROTYPE CO., Dept. A6, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

THIS JOB PAYS $25-$50 Weekl

You Can Be an Auto Expert

We teach you the entire subject by mail in ten weeks' spare time, and assist you to secure good position. Demand for trained men can't be filled. Simple, practical and personal instruction. Besides, we assist you to secure a good position. Free auto model to each student.

First Lesson FREE—Write for It Now.

OWNERS—We Supply Competent Men.

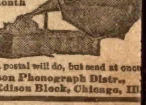
EMPIRE AUTO INSTITUTE, 583 Empire Building, Rochester, N.Y.
(The Original Automobile School).

Let SANDOW Run It!

Wonderful Work Engine "Eats Work"

Farmers and Shop Owners, Stop Sweating! A few dollars gets this grand little work engine, complete and ready to run Cream Separators, Corn Shredders, Grist Mills, Feed Mills, Dynamos, Printing Presses, etc., etc. Gives a lifetime of steady service! All Sizes: 2 to 20 h. p. No cranking! No cams! No gears! Only 3 moving parts. Finest construction. Thousands in use. Guaranteed 5 years. Write for Special Introductory Proposition.

DETROIT MOTOR CAR SUPPLY CO., 216 Canton Ave., Detroit, Mich



Let Us Send You a Genuin Edison Phonograph On FREE TRIAL

right to your own home without a cent from you. No C. O. D. No obligations. Send it back at our expense if you don't want to keep it. $2.00 a month now pays for a genuine Edison Phonograph at Rock Bottom prices and without even interest on monthly payments.

Send today for our beautiful Free Edison Catalog. A postal will do, but send at onc

F. K. BABSON, Edison Phonograph Distr., Suite 4125 Edison Block, Chicago, Ill

Old Soldiers

and ex-Spanish war soldiers or their widow
entitled to 160 acres of gove[illegible]ent land in
or other Western States, for
Filings can be made by
today. Address A.
Land Locator, C

CAUGHT NIBBLING

hel
your
Auto
each
and
Be

X-RAY KATHOD
Latest po
ovelty. Everybody wa
the time on watch thr
Apparently see your fellow,
object through cloth, wood
distance, all climates; lasts
25c, stamps or silver.

Chicago Ledger

Entered as second-class matter June 25, 1885, at the postoffice at Chicago, Illinois, under act of March 3, 1879.

Published Every Saturday
By W. D. BOYCE CO., CHICAGO, ILL.
500 Dearborn Avenue.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

Single subscriptions to The Chicago Ledger by mail $1.00 a year, 50 cents for six months, in advance. Remittances should be made by Bank Draft, Registered Letter, Postoffice or Express Money Order, payable to The Chicago Ledger. Subscription price in Canada $1.50 a year. We do not send receipts for money paid on subscriptions; the address tab on your paper shows the date to which your subscription is paid.

BACK NUMBERS.

Back numbers of the Ledger can be had by addressing this office. Always give the numbers desired, plainly written, accompanied by your full address, and your order will receive prompt attention. Price 5 cents per copy.

BEWARE OF STRANGERS.

The Ledger employs no traveling agents to solicit subscriptions, and every person working in that capacity is a fraud. No person is authorized to take subscriptions for the Ledger unless he or she be well known in the city or village where they have been appointed agents to sell this paper every week. A liberal reward will be paid for evidence that will enable us to arrest and convict such persons as are now traveling from town to town in different sections of this country, claiming to be agents of the Ledger and thereby defrauding the people. Beware of strangers.

ADVERTISING RATES.

The advertising rate is $1.85 per Agate Line per issue. About eight words to a line, 14 lines to an inch. This price also includes insertion of the advertisement in THE SATURDAY BLADE. THE BLADE and LEDGER together have a circulation of

875,000 COPIES WEEKLY

ADDRESS ALL LETTERS TO
CHICAGO LEDGER, CHICAGO, ILL.

GENTLE JABS.

Giving advice is an easy way to borrow trouble.

A generous man doesn't give his friends away.

Theories cause the imagination to work overtime.

Even a toothless person may indulge in biting sarcasm.

The prodigal son went wrong, but he came back all right.

The strict mother may make an indulgent grandmother.

When cuteness develops into insolence it is time to get your gun.

A nuisance and a man with a grievance are much the same.

A tip to married people: Nagging doesn't make the nag go.

There are too many gang planks in the average political platform.

Ever notice that a lecturer always comes highly recommended?

Many a man who thinks he's a born leader can't find a follower.

Wealth is a bubble that some men try to enlarge by blowing.

A farmer may think he is buying a gold brick, but he never does.

Be sure you are a good loser before participating in a game of love.

Even a homely girl doesn't want to be described in plain language.

Authors who burn the midnight oil may provide slumber for others.

Tell your troubles to your friends and [illegible]y'll say: "Huh, that's nothing!"

A m[illegible] no show at home he [illegible] moving picture em-[illegible]

[illegible] for liquor and to-[illegible] quire a taste for [illegible]

[illegible] by worry are the [illegible] over something that [illegible] help.

[illegible] lor finds a girl that [illegible] apt to find that she [illegible] sed.

[illegible] ally invented by his [illegible] that people would [illegible] growl about when [illegible] e at hand.

(Continued from page seven.)

their feathers they forget that it is a bird's business to learn to sing." We both laughed, half giddy with the moonlight and perfume.

"Well, you will admit that the fate of those wonderful blossoms is sad?"

"Yes, it is sad," I said. "Good night."

"Good night." And she went in through the great door.

I turned away and walked about the gardens, remorseful, punished. Sweet as her presence had been to me, courteous and gentle as I had tried to be, I felt that in pith and purpose my conduct had approached the monstrous and detestable. What moral right had I to thus be near my father's wife, to walk by her side and look into her starry, joyous eyes, when that father had died by my own hand? While she, too, was yet ignorant that he was dead! It was heinous, frightful! I stretched my hands up toward the sky in sudden agony.

"Oh, God!" I groaned, "Thy punishment is just but awful! I never knew what love was until now! It is so sweet! so blessed! yet it blasts me! Oh, if there were but forgiveness for shedding blood! If, somehow, a life of sacrifice, of service, could make atonement! If in some other sphere Thou gavest him I slew a fairer, sweeter life, might I not find peace? might I not have Thy smile?"

I waited, racked, distraught, my face upturned to Heaven. But all was silent, dumb, and through my soul ran a sudden train of words like a crackling fire. "He who sheds man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed!"

My face dropped into my hands, and I went out of the garden bent and sobbing, like a Cain lashed from an Eden.

It was after midnight when I returned. I had passed through that which is not for words. Only the moonlight on the hills, the shadows under the trees, the solemn stars, know, if things inanimate may, how wild and torn a life was abroad that night.

I had been to my mother's grave. I had said farewell. Tomorrow I would go. Apart from her grave, out of the happy, accusing light of Marguerite's eyes, away from the scene of my sin, I might not suffer so.

A light was burning low in the drawingroom, and the Moorish lamp was burning dimly in the library. The servant, knowing that I had not retired, had left them so. I went into the library. I wanted to look again at the work my father had done, at the manuscripts laden with so much which, to me, was mystery. It was an insanity in me, perhaps, yet, in my secret soul, I did not believe my mother dead in the full and final meaning of that saddest of all terms. Perhaps somewhere among the notes which he must have made during his lifetime, looking toward this literary work, or in the daily memoranda of his observations, if he had kept such, there might appear something which would be as a star to me, who was so lost in darkness. It was possible, I thought, that he somewhere referred to others who possessed or understood this strange power of which he had written. And if it were true that he had tied my mother's pulses in this cold silence, might not another, understanding the unholy bond, undo it?

I began searching feverishly. Nothing that had known his pen might escape me now through claim of privacy. I had small heart for courtesy; I thirsted for knowledge as few men ever have. I discarded that which I had before read; the facts of it were burned into my soul.

With little effort I found a bundle of data, excerpts from ancient books, scraps of translation of Hindustani and Arabic, memoranda of his own observations and experiments, and fragments of inference, deduction and speculation. Among these were many startling claims and statements. One I found, from which he had drawn, perhaps, the most astounding inference in his completed work. It ran thus:

"Today I threw ——— into the spell, and succeeded by suggestion in lowering her respirations to eight per minute, and sent her pulse up to one hundred and ninety. I desisted, as death seemed imminent."

Who had the person been thus brought close to death for the sake of his experiment? It appalled me to think of one playing with such a power.

A little later I came to other matter of astonishment. I found a memorandum note which read as follows:

"Today I concluded my experiments upon the negro ———, who for years has been a victim of epilepsy. He had become so sad a case that the fits occurred four times each day. I have now kept him in a waking sleep for twelve days, in which time he has not been once attacked. I might cure him, I fancy, but —well, I am tired of him. I may take up the matter later."

Again I came to a scrap the tenor of which was alarming and wonderful. It read:

"New Orleans, June 3.—We made the experiment upon the cripple today. B——— threw him into the trance and I amputated his foot. The operation gave him seemingly not the least pain. I could as easily have removed his head as his foot. He seemingly had no power to feel or resist. I predict that the time will come when psychic control will be largely employed in surgery, in lieu of anaesthetics, for rendering patients insensible to the knife. My observations and experiments lead me to believe that some 80 per cent of adults and 95 per cent of children, are susceptible to control, at least in some degree. How many persons in the future shall prove capable of exerting this influence powerfully is the question. In this country I have personally met but three. In the far East there are many."

My pulse leaped as I read these words. There were persons other than himself who had this power! One of these, it was plain, lived, or had lived, in New Orleans! I would go there! Yes, I would go there!

CHAPTER XVII.

When the first shock of mingled amazement and hope had fallen away from me a little that night, I was able to perceive how difficult my task was. To attempt to find one with no clearer information to guide me than that contained in the note before me was indeed disheartening. Had the last name of the person who had this peculiar power been given in full, or the entire initials of the name, or a street number, anything beyond that one staring letter, my expectation would have seemed justified. As it was, the bit of writing I have last quoted made an end of the packet, and as I laid it down I felt a distinct qualm of despair.

However, there might appear something further touching the matter among my father's papers. I began searching again. Presently I found another small package of memoranda, evidently made from a diary, but these bore more especially upon the matters set forth in the first manuscript volume which lay upon the table. Yet, several references were made to the person whose name began with the letter B, but no more than the single letter was ever used. It was discouraging in the extreme. If I had but access to the daily memoranda which he had no doubt made, I felt that the matter might become clear. I sat considering for a time. If he had kept a diary, and it was locked in the cabinet of drawers which stood against the wall, would I be justified in forcing an entrance to it? I had scruples now; that seemed unwarrantable license. Yet, I arose and went to the cabinet and tried the drawers. All were locked.

I stood debating mentally. Was my need so great that I could afford to break in upon that which was locked away from human eyes? Was there to be nothing left inviolate? Having broken into the house of my father's life and bidden death enter, was I now to break my way into the secrets of that life? A fortnight ago I would have spurned with scorn a hint that I was capable of that which seemed so base, but now—Ah, God alone knew how sore was my need! I must go to the bottom of this mystery by means either soft or rude. It mattered not. One life was gone; that one I could not offend; one life lay as in death; that one I might by some dear chance restore again. I must act.

In which drawer would it most probably lie? In the upper one? Yes, that one most accessible to the hand. There was a large bronze knob in the center of each drawer. Seizing the topmost one and placing my knee against the one next below, I slowly put forth my strength. As I pulled, hoping to rend the lock with little noise, I, in some way, turned the knob, when instantly the drawer flew open. I all but cast both drawer and contents upon the floor, the result was so unlooked for.

When I had taken breath I began examining that which the drawer contained; a cluster of personal things, some precious, some useless, which need no description here. Among these were a number of old manuscripts in tongues of which I was not master; pamphlets of spiritualistic writings, with scoffing annotations on the margins, made doubtless by my father; and odds and ends of other pamphleteering literature, and one, a blank book, marked "Personal."

This last I took up, with a great leap of the blood, and carried to the table. I sat down and began eagerly turning its pages. But to my astonishment and bitter disappointment, it was, in great part, written in a language absolutely unknown to me. It was Hindu, Persian, Arabic, either or neither, I could not say. It seemed a more or less connected record of the previous five years, dated from New Orleans, Havana, Tampa, Cedar Keys, Magnolia Place, and elsewhere. But the matter, or much of it, was all beyond me.

I sat and gazed at it in despair. Many of the entries were in English, and the facts of which they were a record were, in some instances, perplexing and curious. Other of these latter entries were short but cabalistic; absolutely beyond my comprehension. It was patent, however, that he had been much associated with the person nominated by the simple letter B. Also that this person lived in New Orleans.

I felt that if I could but penetrate the matter obviously hidden here I might come to my object finally. It seemed improbable that this was in any sense a record of crime. My father, I argued, had surely been far too astute a man to commit to paper self-accusing matter of any sort in any language. But here might lie hidden the secret of his power and the process of undoing its effects. The latter was all I longed for. But clearly I was helpless.

I arose and opened the drawers of the cabinet one by one, as I had the first, but found no additional memoranda. If he had made personal record of time and

AGENTS WANTED
$20 to $50 WEEKLY
selling the Automatic Combination Tool in your home county. A Fence Builder's Tool, Post Puller, Lifting Jack, Vise, Wrench, etc. Used by Farmers, Teamsters, in Factories, Mills, Mines, etc. Weight 24 lbs. Capacity 3 tons. No experience necessary. Free instruction. Write today for special offer to live agents Send no money. Name County where you live.
AUTOMATIC JACK CO.
30 Main St., Bloomfield, Ind.

AGENTS $3 a Day
NEW PATENTED LOCKSTITCH AWL.
Sews Shoes, Harness, Buggy Tops, Canvas, Grain Bags, Anything. Sells at sight. Astonishing low price to agents. Big profits. To show it means a sale. We want a few good, live hustlers in each county. Splendid opportunity to make big money. No experience needed. Write quick—now—for terms. A postal will do. Send no money.
A. MATHEWS, 5917 Wayne Street, DAYTON, OHIO

AN Old, reliable firm is advertising by giving beautiful and useful presents to every family. For particulars write O. C. Meeks Mercantile Association, Corinth, Miss.

TOBACCO FACTORY WANTS SALESMEN. Good Pay. Steady Work and Promotion. Experience unnecessary as we give Complete Instructions. Piedmont Tobacco Co., Bx. G14, Danville, Va.

AGENTS PORTRAITS 35c, FRAMES 15c. Sheet Pictures 1c, Stereoscopes 25c, Viewslc. Thirty Days' Credit. Samples and Catalog Free.
CONSOLIDATED PORTRAIT, Dept. 4155, 1027 W. Adams St., CHICAGO

DON'T ACCEPT an agency until you get my samples and particulars. MONEY MAKERS Address SAYMAN 604 Sayman Building, St. Louis, Mo

AGENTS WANTED—No money required. Earn $25-$50 weekly selling Embroidered and Braided Waists, Princess Patterns, Scarfs, Drawnwork, etc. Write for Catalogue L. L. Mandel, 721 Broadway, New York.

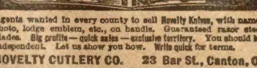
AGENTS WANTED to sell pocket knives with name and photo on handle; write for terms. Morris Cutlery Co., Morris, Ill., P.O. Box A

LADIES Send your name on postal for agents' outfit of fine perfumes. Your credit is good. Send now. H. E. Bishop, 1701 Cass Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

BOTTLE CLOTHES SPRINKLER
Agents make $3 to $5 a day. Write for free sample offer and large catalogue of 500 articles. Richardson Mfg. Co., Dept. 7 Bath, N.Y.

Fish Bite like hungry wolves and fill your basket if you use Magic-Fish-Lure. Best fish bait ever discovered. Keeps you busy pulling them out. Write to-day and get a box to help introduce it. Agents wanted. J. F. Gregory, Dept. 65, St. Louis, Mo

GREAT MONEY MAKER FOR AGENTS
PROF LONG'S MAGNETIC COMB
Sell Magnetic Combs and get rich; agents wild with success. They remove dandruff; stop falling hair; RELIEVE HEADACHE, never break. Send 2c stamp for sample. PROF LONG, 914 Ash St., PEKIN, ILL.



Agents wanted in every county to sell Novelty Knives, with name, photo, lodge emblem, etc., on handle. Guaranteed razor steel blades. Big profits — quick sales — exclusive territory. You should be independent. Let us show you how. Write quick for terms.
NOVELTY CUTLERY CO. 23 Bar St., Canton, O.

LIGHT AS DAY
Better light from your old kerosene (coal oil) lamps and lanterns than from electricity or gas. Our great WHITE FLAME BURNER fits any lamp, gasifies the oil and developes a brilliant, white, 39 candle power light from a one inch wick, and never smokes. NO MANTLE TO BREAK. Nothing to get out of order. Safe and reliable. AGENTS WANTED RED HOT Seller. Sample, postpaid, 35 CENTS, stamps or silver MONEY BACK IF NOT SATISFACTORY WHITE FLAME LIGHT CO., 16 CANAL STREET, GRAND RAPIDS, MICHIGAN.

BIG MAIL FREE!

POST OFFICE

Would you like to get a lot of letters, circulars and packages? You probably know that manufacturers, supply houses, wholesalers and publishers buy names and addresses for the purpose of sending samples, advertising matter, papers and circulars to. Good names and addresses are hard to get and are quite expensive. We publish an AGENT'S DIRECTORY LIST containing names and addresses carefully arranged in alphabetical order. We send these Directory Lists to concerns we know are anxious for good names to send advertising matter to. Write your name very plainly so the printer will not make a mistake; be sure to give your street number and town also plainly written so that any mail addressed to you will reach you without fail. We have been publishing the Agent's Directory List for several years and refer to the editor of this paper who will tell you we are reliable. All we ask is that you send 10 cents in silver and we will enter your name in our Agents' Directory List as above stated. Write today. Address
Agent's Directory List, Indiana, Pa.

scenes other than that which I had found, they were preserved elsewhere. The contents of the drawers had in the main the character of curios; boxes and ornaments of ivory and jade; strange, rich garments, worn once, I fancied, by Hindu kings or priests; hideous little idols of bronze and stone; apparent gems in the rough; queerly carved pipes; an ancient sword with jeweled hilt, and many such objects, some of which I had seen before.

I turned away from them all with a sigh. I had never been much appealed to by things archaic. I had been born without that particular sort of sympathy for the past which engenders the dreams of the antiquarian. I loved the fresh wine of the winds, the perpetual marvel of color in sky and flowers, the witchery of bird-songs, and all the pulse and surge of open, obvious life. But life outworn and its castoff garment, however strange and glittering, were not for me. I was young; they were too like a shroud.

I closed the cabinet and turned away, but turned again and, opening the doors of the little niche at the top, stood through some minutes looking longingly upon the marble alto-rilievo of Marguerite.

Many thoughts crowded into my mind, emotions which shook my heart sadly. Would I ever see her sweet face again? Would I come back to her eventually in shame? What would be the end of all the fever and fury which had fallen upon me? Who would kiss and caress this sweet face at last? Would she dwell here? When the fact of my father's death became known to her, where would she go? Who was her father? Who her mother? A hundred questions, bitter and perplexing, swept through my mind.

As I stood thus, looking thirstily upon the snowy image, there came a soft tapping upon one of the library windows. It was as some one striking softly upon the glass with their finger-ends. The noise, at that late hour and in that place, startled me inexpressibly. Several moments passed before I could command myself sufficiently to go to the window. At length the tapping came again, and I stepped to the end of the room, parted the draperies, and threw up the sash.

Old Joe was there, his black head silhouetted against the dim light which lay beyond him.

"Why, Uncle Joe, is it you?" I gasped, with sudden relief. I thrust my hand out to him and he grasped it warmly.

"Yes, Marse Francis, I done come ober late lak, but I wanted to see yo' w'en nobody wuz roun'."

"What is it, Joe?" I asked, with a thrill of apprehension.

"W'y, Marse Francis, yo' know dat yo' done sent Doctah Dubette down to see Washington Biler?"

"Yes, Joe."

"Well, 'e come in de aftahnoon towa'ds sundown, an' he look at de boy an' he t'ink he bad off, sho', but he say yo' done made a putty good job, Marse Francis, an' dat mebby Washington 'll git well. W'en he been goin' off aftah he done fix up de boy a bit, he ax me did I know ware yo' pa wuz gone to. I tell him dat I didn', sho'. He say dat he heerd dat I see some'ting funny on de bridge de night w'at yo' come home. An' I say I see nothin' purtickler. Den he say as how She'iff Ma'ker done come 'long dat way de nex' mo'ning jus' w'en it begin to git light, as he wuz goin' down to Punta Rassa, an' dat he find a bundle ob linens layin' on de bridge w'at hab yo' name stamped on 'em, an' dat dere 'pear to been a mighty big scrapplin' roun' on dat bridge lately, an' dat dere wuz some blood on de floo' of de bridge nex' de no'th aige. Doctah Dubette he 'pears to t'ink it mighty quare, but he not say much w'at he t'ink. But w'en he done gone, my min' it git to wucking right sma't, an' treckly I git sca't, an' I jus' fling my laig ober de back ob dat fool mewel I done lately bought ob Bruce Pearson, an' sa'nter 'long ober dis way."

I stood in silence for a moment trying to still the quiver that ran along my nerves.

"I don't know what I can do or say to thank you for this, Uncle Joe," I said. "I am not worthy of your friendship, still I thank you from the bottom of my heart."

"Oh, Marse Francis, don' nebber spress no graterchude to me. Me an' Lucy we ain' done forgit dat yo' is de bressed Mistise's on'y chile. Lucy she sent yo' her lub an' say tell yo' she wuz prayin' fo' yo' ebery hour. If dere's any nudder t'ing ob any kine dat me an' Lucy ken do fo' yo', Marse Francis, we done goin' to do it, sho'!"

My eyes filled. Worn as I was with trouble, and surrounded with peril, the fealty of these old friends touched me deeply. I felt about the window sill, and, finding the old man's hand, wrung it silently. He put his free hand to his eyes and began fumbling it there.

"Lucy she done say I bettah get on de mewel an' sa'nter long ober dis yere way," he quavered, irrelevantly. "Dat fool crittah!" he went on, the tears running down his black cheeks; "he done act lak he goin' to de barn dance, he dat fresky. But I done rid 'im most of de way spite ob he's trollickin'! I say to dat crittah, 'yo' kin hump yo' back, an' wuck yo' tail an' years an' twist yoself in er knot an' go backwuds, but Ize gwine set yere on yo' ole spine-um-cord twel we gits to Marse Francis,' da's w'at I is!' An' dat's w'at I done, Marse Francis. I lead 'im up de hills, kaise I don' keer to slip off behin' an' let 'im kick me, an' I lead 'im downhill kaise I don't keer to slide off ober his haid an' let de fool tromple on me, but mos' de way I set on he ole hide an' mak 'im tote me; dat I did, Marse Francis!" All the time he was saying this the tears were running down his cheeks and we were wringing each other's hands.

"Well, I t'ink I done sa'nter long back now, Marse Francis," he went on. "It am creepin' long towa'ds mawnin' an' Lucy she'll be speckin' me back."

"I don't know what to say, Uncle Joe. This seems so hard a thing for you to have undertaken. Cannot you remain until morning and get something to eat? You certainly need some food."

"Oh, dat am all right, Marse Francis. I done mak de bacon an' aiggs fly all de faster w'en I does git home. I t'ink I better not be loaferin' roun' yere in de daylight; it might mak somebody t'ink something wrong, Marse Francis."

"Well, Uncle Joe, you know exactly where things are in the kitchen. You go and take whatever you like. I want you to take something with you to eat on the way home."

He went away toward the kitchen and I stood thinking. After a little time he returned, bearing his hat full of victuals. "I done kotch 'em dis time, Marse Francis," he said, with a grin. "I gwine wuck my jaw on dis yere cole chicken an' t'ings stead ob on dat fool mewel."

"That is right, Uncle Joe. Uncle Joe, I am going away very soon, not on account of what you have told me, though that is alarming enough certainly, but for reasons that I cannot well explain. I presume I shall come back again; I hope to at least. Of course you will do what you can to keep this matter of which you have spoken quiet. If young Biler recovers you had best instruct him not to talk about what he may have seen that evening."

"Marse Francis, we gwine to keep dis yere ruckshun hushed up if we ken, yo' ken 'pend on dat. Washington he's not gwine say nuttin', sho'; dat chile gwine wo'ship yo' de longes' day he libs."

"Well, I imagine that Marker and Dubette will stir the matter up presently. They will have their reasons for doing so. If there appears to be an opportunity for Marker to increase his reputation as an officer, of course he will embrace it. Dr. Dubette may regard me as a probable future rival, and think it just as well to get me out of the field if he can. So be careful, Uncle Joe. However, if they should put you and the boy under oath, remember I do not forbid you to tell the truth. Don't perjure yourselves, no matter who suffers."

"Nobody's gwine git me an' Washington on no witness stan' long es de Daid-lanes am widin reach, Marse Francis."

"Thank you, Uncle Joe. Well, good-by. Give my love to Aunt Lucy. Take good care of yourself, Uncle Joe."

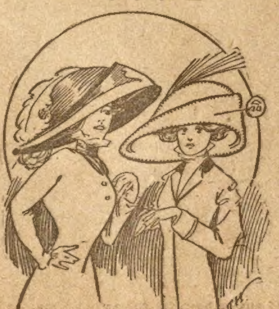
"His lips quivered. "Good-by, Marse Francis. Gord breng yo' clare ob all trouble is my prar!"

When he had passed into the gloom, I turned and stood through many minutes staring at my own thoughts. They seemed written all about me in the air. Thoughts of Marguerite, thoughts of my mother's fate, my father's death, of the disaster which surely moved to meet me, of the person whose name began with B, and of the affection and fidelity of these simple black people.

Oh, God, could I but see the way! Could I but pierce the future! That was the cry of my soul. Yet, in the silence and the darkness spreading before me, there was mercy. Had the obscuring veil been lifted I should doubtless have fallen, crushed by the vision.

This extraordinary story will be continued in the next issue of the Ledger. A lot of strange and exciting things happen. Read it. If you are not already a subscriber for this paper, it will repay you if you send in a year's subscription. It only costs $1.00, and you will never regret it. Let us hear from you at once.

* * *



"What did you do with his letters?"
"Sent them to a pulp mill; they were so soft!"

Let ADLER the Organ Maker Save You $48.75 on an Organ Take Your Own Time to Pay

I Am Sweeping the Country Like Wildfire With My Direct-From-Factory, Free-Home-Trial Selling Plan. It Will Pay You to Read Every Word Below!

Cyrus L. Adler, Organ Maker

No Money In Advance

All Records Broken In the Most Stupendous Nation-wide Organ Sale Ever Known—Competition Entirely Swept Away by My Wonderful Offer.

I am the man who made the "Adler" a household word; more than 75,000 of these famous organs are now in the homes of the people. You have been reading my big announcements, and the time has arrived—right this very day—for you to send for my wonderful Free Organ Catalog. I want you to learn how you can have the World's Best Organ—winner of highest prize at the St. Louis World's Fair—sent right to your home for Thirty Days' Trial without paying a cent.

I Will Save You $48.75

because I sell direct from the $500,000 Adler Organ Factory (greatest in existence) at lowest wholesale factory prices. The Adler Plan thoroughly wrecks organ prices, absolutely sponging out all "in-between," extra, middlemen's profits you pay on other organs.

So simple, too, to buy an "Adler!" Just send for my Catalog. Select the Adler Organ you like best; then tell me. I will ship it to you at once. Have it a month free. Send no money until you decide to buy. Then pay me at your convenience in small amounts. I won't even charge you interest on your small monthly payments. At the end of a year, if the "Adler" fails to make good on every point I claim for it, I will refund every dollar you have paid with 6% interest. And more: I will give you the longest and strongest guarantee ever made on an organ—for fifty full years. You see how easy it is to own the finest organ ever made. If you have an old style, worn out organ, it will pay you to give it away and replace it with an exquisitely sweet toned "Adler" Guaranteed Organ.

The Famous ADLER ORGAN Sold Only By Mail Direct From Factory To the Homes of the People.

Mail Free Coupon Now!

Now, Friend, you simply cannot afford to buy an Organ until you see my plan to save you $48.75, with your own time to pay. So send me no money, but write for my Organ Book right now; FREE! The Coupon or a Penny Postal will bring it. Address me personally—right now—without delay.

C. L. ADLER, President,
Adler Manufacturing Company,
3042 W. Chestnut St., Louisville, Ky.
SEND FOR ADLER PIANO CATALOG

(Cut Out Along the Dotted Lines—I Pay the Postage.)

C. L. ADLER, Pres't, Adler M'f'g. Co.,
3042 W. Chestnut St., Louisville, Ky.

Name..
Town..
County.......................State..............
Street No....................................
R. F. D. Route..............................

FREE TRIAL THIS SHAVING OUTFIT

Finest Razor Outfit Ever Offered

☞ Send No Money

WE want to get acquainted with you, so just send your name and address and we will send you prepaid on FREE TRIAL, the finest and most complete Shaving Outfit you ever saw, consisting of the following articles.

Two India Blue Steel Razors guaranteed finest made at any price, regular value, $3.00 each, . . $6.00

One Genuine Aluminum Mug Sanitary, non-breakable, your monogram engraved free, value, $1.00

One Genuine Horsehide Strop Double, extra fine and heavy, 2 1/4 inches wide, 26 inches long, prepared for fine trade by secret process to save honing, regular value. $1.50

One Genuine Rubberset Brush Bristles guaranteed to never shed, regular value 50c

Williams Shaving Soap one cake, reg. value, . 10c

Regular Price of Complete Outfit $9.10.

This $9.10 Shaving Outfit Complete Only $1.00 A MONTH For 5 Months

We are the largest dealers in Elgin Watches on Easy Payments in the world, of which fact our Big Catalog and Bank references will convince you. We want you for a regular customer. That's why we offer you this $9.10 shaving outfit for only $5.00 payable $1.00 after examination and $1.00 a month. Write for this outfit today and state if you want our Watch and Diamond Book.

HARRIS-GOAR CO. Dept. 1297 Kansas City, Mo.

CASH OR CREDIT

Catalogue FREE.

ONLY $10.0

Cash, balance $5 p
this 3-year-guar
Buggies $29.50 up;
$45.00 up; Farm Wag
up. We trust hone
located in all parts of

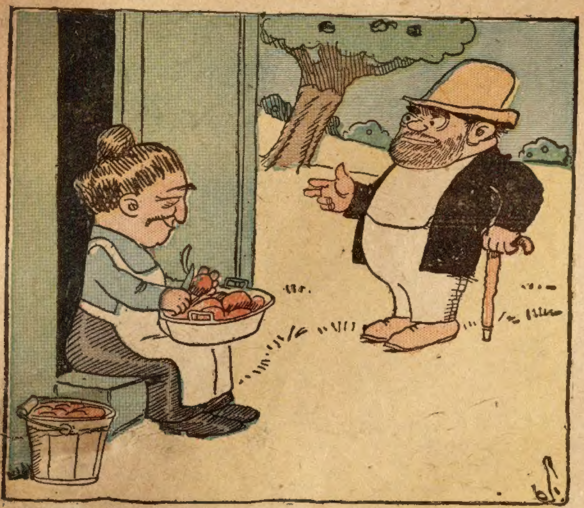
Write For FREE C

Century Manufact

Dep't 411 East

OPIUM or Morphine Habi

FREE TRIAL. No pain or los
where other remedies have failed
Dr. R. G. CONTRELL, Suite 539



Missus—You're the worst looking tramp I ever saw.

Smoothtongued Smithers—It isn't that, mum; but I look bad in the presence of such unusual beauty.

Missus—Can't you—er—stay to dinner?

A PRINTER'S BLUNDER.

"My pigmy counterpart," the poet wrote
Of his dear child, the darling of his heart;
Then longed to clutch the stupid printer's throat
That set it up, "My pig, my counterpart."

Salaries and Duties.

He—I think we need not worry about the future. I am now getting two thousand dollars a year as second assistant subeditor of the Daily Blower.

She—Yes, but you are killing yourself doing two men's work.

He—I know; but before long I may be promoted, and then I'll get three thousand dollars for doing one man's work; and, if I have patience, I will eventually reach a position where I will get five thousand dollars for doing nothing at all.

Averting Trouble.

Maid (breathlessly)—Oh, miss, both the gents you is engaged to has called, and they're in the parlor, and somehow or other they've found it out, and, oh, miss, I'm 'fraid there'll be trouble.

Miss Flirtie—Horrors! Oh, dear! What shall I do?

Maid (after reflection)—I'll fix it. I'll run an' tell 'em you're cryin' y'r eyes out 'cause your father has lost all his money.

Suited Dad.

"Their plan of elopement was to travel just as far as their funds would permit and then let her father send them a check to come home on when he had forgiven them."

"Well?"

"Well, they are there yet."

Political Hedging.

Wife—So the convention is over, and you haven't been nominated. Just think of all the money you've wasted on those horrid bums and rounders. Every dollar gone and——

Husband—Don't you worry when there's nothing to worry about. I have that money all back. Before the fall campaign opened I bought a liquor saloon.

Breaking It Gently.

Foreman (quarry gang)—It's sad news Oi hov' fur yez, Mrs. McGaharraghty. Y'r husband's new watch is broken. It waz a foine watch, an' it's smashed all to paces.

Mrs. McG.—Dearie me! How did that happen?

Foreman—A ten-ton rock fell on 'im.

A Long Time Dead.

Lady—Can't you find work?

Tramp—Yessum; but every one wants a reference from my last employer.

Lady—And can't you get one?

Tramp—No, mum. Yer see, he's been dead twenty-eight years.

A Natural Obstacle.

He—If you women did get the right to vote you couldn't in the nature of things keep it.

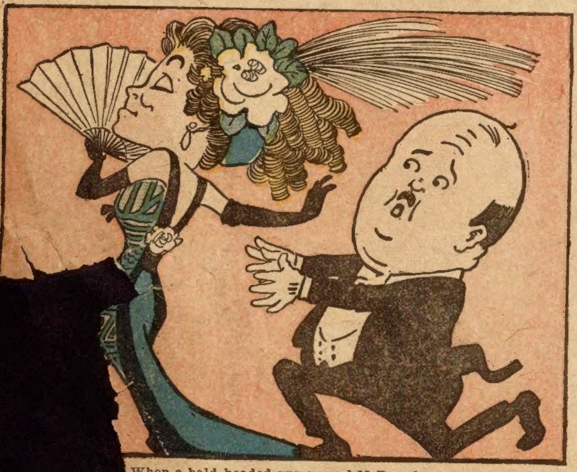
She (indignantly)—Why not, sir?

He—Because it is a secret ballot, you know.

Up to Him.

"If I'd kiss you would you scream?"

"Certainly, but I don't think is would do any good. There isn't a soul in sight."



When a bald-headed guy named McDowel
Proposed to a girl named Miss Powell,
She said, "No, not me—
I should hate so to see
You parting your hair with a towell."

TICKLISH

A Planned Job.

"Are you the man from Sodder & Co.'s to do the repairing of the water pipes?" asked Mr. Subbubs.

"Yes," replied the plumber, "and Mr. Sodder says it will cost you sixty dollars."

"What? Why, he hasn't seen the job. He doesn't know how much I want done."

"Mebbe not, but he told me how much to do."

A Somnambulistic Freak.

The Reverend Doctor Putemtosleep—Deacon Goodleigh walked right out of church in the middle of my sermon. I wonder if I offended him.

Mrs. Goodleigh—Don't let that worry you, doctor. He has been a somnambulist for years.

His Favorite Horn.

Bacon—What is your favorite horn—cornet, trumpet or trombone?

Egbert—Well, really, I like the shoehorn better than any of those. It doesn't make a noise, you know."

Self-Deception.

"Bliggins is always afraid he will not get his money's worth."

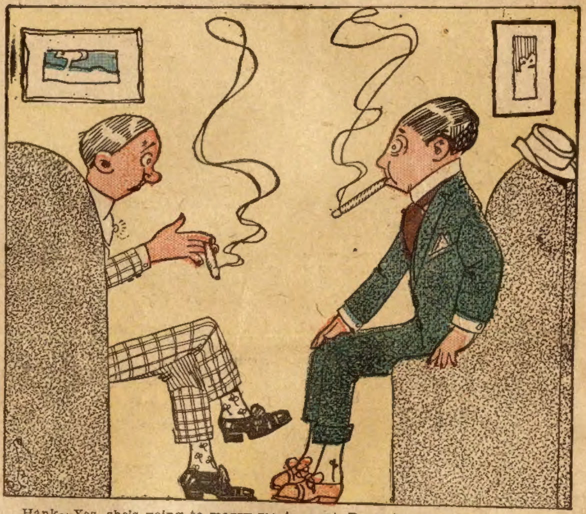
"Yes. He even waited until a warm day to buy a thermometer, so that the mercury column would be longer."

Never Safe.

"She fainted in his arms, but he dropped her.'

"You don't say!"

"Yes, she sued him for nonsupport."



Hank—Yes, she's going to marry me in next December—er—"

Fred—Is that so?

Hank—Well, she didn't exactly say that—but said it would be a mighty cold day when she would.

An Unpardonable Act.

"Mrs. Brown! Mrs. Brown! Come quick! Master George was foolin' with a revolver and he's shot one of the servants!"

"Is it one of the maids?"

"No, ma'am; it's the cook."

"The cook? Mercy! I can never forgive him, never!"

Doesn't Want to Look Pleasant.

Photographer—Try and look pleasant, please.

Short-Tempered Sitter—You get on with it. This photo is for some relatives who want to come and stay a month with me.

HAVE YOU TRIED PAXTINE
The Great Toilet Germicide?
You don't have to pay 50c or $1.00 a pint for listerian antiseptics or peroxide. You can make 16 pints of a more cleansing, germicidal, healing and deodorizing antiseptic solution with one 25c box of Paxtine,—a soluble antiseptic powder, obtainable at any drug store.
Paxtine destroys germs that cause disease, decay and odors,—that is why it is the best mouth wash and gargle, and why it purifies the breath, cleanses and preserves the teeth better than ordinary dentifrices, and in sponge bathing it completely eradicates perspiration and other disagreeable body odors. Every dainty woman appreciates this and its many other toilet and hygienic uses.
Paxtine is splendid for sore throat, inflamed eyes and to purify mouth and breath after smoking. You can get Paxtine Toilet Antiseptic at any drug store, price 25c and 50c, or by mail postpaid from The Paxton Toilet Co., Boston, Mass., who will send you a free sample if you would like to try it before buying.

The Whyness of It.

Ragged Richard—I wish dat I wuz preserdent uv dis country fer jist one day.

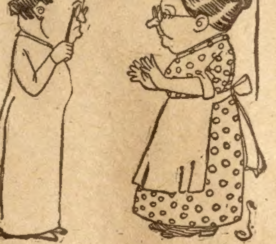
Weary William—Wot fer?

Ragged Richard—Fer de salary, uv course.

Force of Habit.

The Hostess (at informal dinner)—Dr. Graves, won't you carve?

Dr. Graves (absently)—Where's the patient and the chloroform?



Mistress—I must impress upon you, when you go to the diningroom, not to try to get the dirt off the "Old Master," with a wet rag, but to use a dry, soft cloth only.

Servant—Mercy! Do I have to wash the master?

TACKLES
ELLSWORTH YOUNG

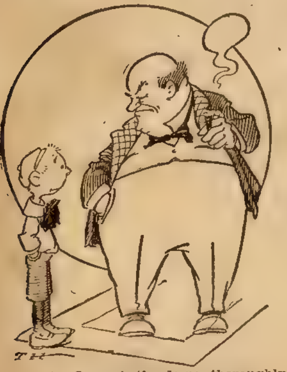
No Excuse for Them.

Mother—I don't see why you and your husband should have so much trouble. You don't belong to different churches, do you?

Daughter—No, mother.

Mother—Then there is no excuse for fighting like cats and dogs.

⁂



"Eddie, I want the lawn thoroughly watered this evening. Exceptionally well, understand?"

"Yes, dad."

"In fact, you might even try to get as much water on the grass as you do on yourself."

⁂

Sly Youth.

He—Then you have no objection to admitting we are engaged?

She—No. But why do you want to be?

He—I'm going away, you know, and it's such a protection when the girls annoy me.

The Size of It.

"Papa, what is meant by the New England conscience?"

"It is the bug, my son, which causes its possessors to abhor the idea of permitting other people to have what they want."

⁂

Danny's Weakness.

"Will, Missus Mulcahy, Oi see be th' papers Danny's been discharged from the pinitinchery," observed Mrs. O'Hooligan.

"Yis," sighed Mrs. Mulcahy, "Danny niver could hold any koind of a job."

⁂

Very Sick.

"Husband, were you really visiting a friend last night?"

"I was."

"And was he really sick?"

"He was, and no wonder. He never won a pot."

⁂

On the Firing Line.

"Son, I hear you have joined the boy scout movement."

"Yes, dad."

"Well, s'pose you scout ahead and see if your mother is sitting up for me."

⁂

An Important Guest.

"That banquet tonight can't get along without me."

"You have a pretty good opinion of yourself. Billed for a speech?"

"Oh, no. I was invited to listen."

⁂

A Pension for Bachelors.

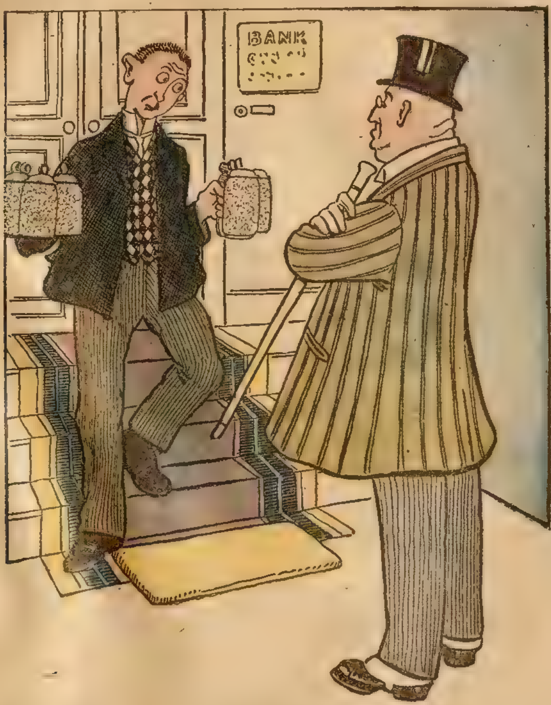
"I'm not in favor of this scheme of putting a tax on bachelors," said the Senator. "On the contrary, I think most of them should be pensioned for refraining from making homes unhappy."

⁂

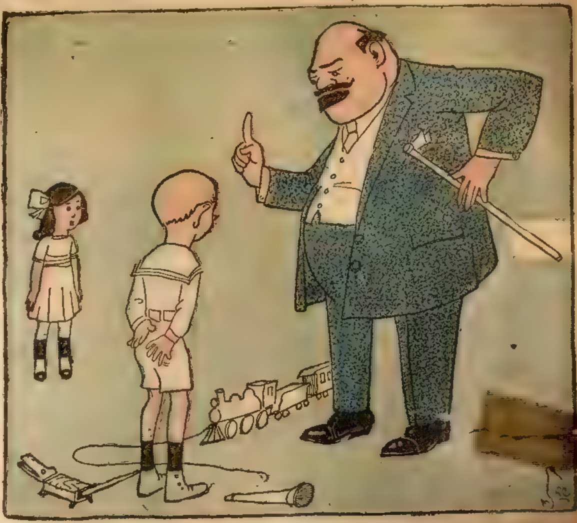
The Cut Courteous.

Dr. Wrink—I went out sleighing this morning——

Miss Sweet—Dear me, doctor, I thought you did that every day.



"What's this? In spite of my orders beer is drunk in the bank?"
"O, no, sir!"
"But you are just going after some!"
"No, sir, I was only taking back the empty mugs!"



Dad—Now remember this—the stronger should never do anything to injure the weaker!

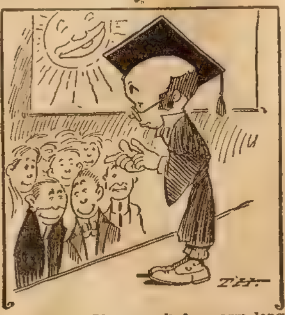
Son—Then why did you lick me?

Going Some.

"I hear that young Spendit is going the pace that kills."

"Yes. He only got his racing automobile last month, and already he has been indicted for homicide."

⁂



Professor—If a man had an arm long enough to touch the sun and burn his fingers, he would not feel the pain for 5,682 years.

Student—And for how many thousands of years would he be heard swearing about it?

⁂

Happy Suburbanites.

Mr. Citimann—To save my neck, I can't understand why the crowds at the ferries always have such a happy look.

Mr. Suburb—It's simple enough. After the day's work in the city, we're always glad to get out of it; and after eight or ten hours in the country, we're always glad to get back.

⁂

TRY MURINE EYE REMEDY

for Red, Weak, Weary, Watery Eyes and Granulated Eyelids. Murine Doesn't Smart—Soothes Eye Pain. Druggists Sell Murine Eye Remedy, Liquid, 25c, 50c, $1.00. Murine Eye Salve in Aseptic Tubes, 25c, $1.00. Eye Books and Eye Advice Free by Mail.

Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago.

⁂

A Disappointed Boy.

"What's the matter, little boy?"

"M-maw's gone an' drowned all the kittens."

"Dear! dear! Now that's too bad."

"Yep, she p-promised—boo hoo!—'at I c'u'd do it."

⁂

LADIES, PRESERVE YOUR YOUTHFUL APPEARANCE.

Madame Mignette's Beauty Cream and Skin Food removes every defect, spot, freckle, pimple, blemish or wrinkle, leaving the skin soft, clear and smooth. It is perfectly harmless and will not injure the most delicate skin. It preserves and brings back the youthful glow to the face and ruddiness to the cheeks, preserving it in this condition until extreme old age. This preparation has been used for years and hundreds are now using it and are more than delighted with the results. Send us ten (10) cents for formula which you can have filled at any drug store at a very small cost. Do not delay, but write at once. Box 491, Blairsville, Pa.

Bad Give-Away.

Mrs. Gadd—Did you ever notice how polite and attentive Mr. Gayfellow is to his wife?

Mrs. Gabb—Yes. Looks mighty suspicious.

Hubby Gets His Orders.

Wife—What's that white stuff on your shoulder?

Husband—Chalk, from a billiard cue, you know.

Wife (sniffing)—Hereafter I wish you to use chalk that doesn't smell like toilet powder.

⁂

Expressive.

One day little George's father brought home some Roquefort cheese. Upon being asked how he liked it, George replied with all seriousness, "Papa, it tastes like the animal cages at the circus."

⁂

A Simple Test.

Mrs. Sharptong—I fear my husband's mind is affected. Is there any sure test?

Doctor—Tell him you'll never speak to him again. If he laughs, he's sane.

⁂

He Felt It Too.

Willie—I heard your gettin' fired from school raised a big breeze at your house.

Earlie—Yes. It was what the yacht fellers call a spanking breeze.

⁂

Before and After.

Grad (reminiscently)—A fellow before marriage is generally a dude.

Senior (reflectively)—Yes, and after marriage he's a sub-dued.

⁂

GOVERNMENT POSITIONS OPEN.

Any of our readers wishing a government position, should send postal immediately to Franklin Institute, Dept. K-80, Rochester, N. Y., for full list of positions open. This list shows the salaries paid; the duties required, and tells how to get the positions.

⁂

A Big Roll.

He—I hear you are very well connected?

She—Yes. I have a pretty good hold on my husband's bank roll.

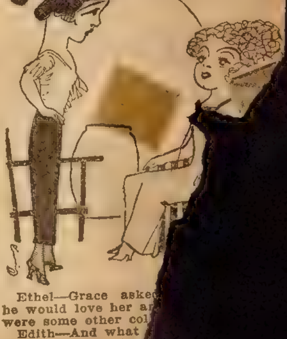
⁂

Look Up.

"I suppose you'd love a man if he had an aeroplane?"

"Well, I'd certainly look up to him."

⁂



Ethel—Grace asked he would love her ar were some other col

Edith—And what

Ethel—Why, he what other colors

THE BLACK HORSE QUEEN;

Or, THE MOUNTAIN EXILES

By WILLIAM H. MANNING

[Copyright 1911 by W. D. Boyce Co.]

Begun in No. 14, April 8. Subscriptions can begin with that issue, or back copies can be obtained from news stands, or our agents, or by mail from office of publication.

CHAPTER XIX.

AN ENEMY'S TRIUMPH.

JOHN REDDINGTON was crossing the plain that led from Shagfoot to the base of Mount Taber. It was five days since his return to the mining camp. In interrupting his journey to the new settlement near Ackerside range, in order to aid Sylvia and Dale, he did not, by any means, permanently abandon his project, and he was about to make a fresh start. The following [illegible] was the set time, but he had something to do before starting.

For some months Eldruthan Dow of Gilbraith had been trying to work a scheme. He and his people resented the proximity of the miners to their own quarters and wanted to be rid of them. Dow knew of the Bishop's weakness for strong drink, and that the miners were but little less admirers of fiery beverages. His plan was to get all Shagfoot under the spell, so he began, and with success, on Reddington. Taking liquor to the mountain he claimed that it had been seized from wayward men, and wanted the Bishop to guard it. Unscrupulous himself, he expected Reddington to be faithless to his trust, and bring all the miners there to drink. Drinking, they were expected to ruin themselves and their mining operations.

Thus far, his plot had failed, for Reddington, though he had twice sampled the stuff, himself, and to his temporary undoing, had not made the secret known.

Now, on his last night at Shagfoot, the Bishop intended to bruise the serpent's head and make the stored drink forever harmless, and, because of this, he carried a pick with him.

As he walked in the gloom of the night-hour he thought, and his meditations were pleasant. For weeks he had taken no liquor, and his system, free from the poison, had rebounded from depression and nervous distraction; so he now walked firmly, lightly, and with the carriage of a man undefiled.

He thought of this, and of Janet Bague, his promised wife, and of Leland and Sylvia, whom he had married on Mount Taber; and happiness, tenderness and good will to all deserving persons were in his mind. Imagination pictured bright days in the future. He would go to Ackerside range to begin life anew, but, before he went, he would do a good deed by pouring Eldruthan Dow's liquor upon the ground. The stomach of the great earth was able to receive and assimilate all poisons and show no ill effects.

Reddington reached the rough ground and, walking on, arrived at the place where the casks were stored. It was a cavity, well hidden. In that place he found five receptacles. He lifted them, one by one, arranging them in a row. Then he lifted his pick and stove in the head of the first. Liquid gushed forth freely.

He again lifted his pick, ready for a second cask, when he was impressed by the fact that no odor came from that already demolished. He investigated.

with the blow.

"Nothing but water!" he murmured. "That is odd!"

He broached a second cask. It held only water, but he began to distrust the evidence of his olfactory nerves. Liquor had previously been there. If it had been succeeded by water, what did it mean? He decided to investigate.

A cup was in the cavity. He secured it and tilted the third cask, catching the flow from the bung. Raising the cup, he tasted.

"No water about that! It is whisky, and clearly like what was here before. How could I make a mistake in the smell, or was the other different"—he took another swallow—"and some trick of Dow's? He may have had less than"—another drink—"he seemed to have. It doesn't matter. I will spill the whole."

He emptied the cup, and then stove in the heads of the fourth and fifth casks. The third—that from which he had taken the sample—alone remained intact.

Musing on the nature of Dow's trick, he drew another cupful and tossed it off lightly and half-unconsciously. Then, strong in his purpose, he drove in the end of the cask. The destruction was complete.

"No more lurking evil here!" he exclaimed. "Nothing to tempt miner or anybody else. It is liquid annihilatión. I remember that Dr. Dale told me that if I persisted in its use I would lose my reason, and, perhaps, do violence to my best friend—and that would be Dale, himself! No more drink for me; no more gambling with a foe that never plays fair. I have risen superior to the sins of old!"

Sitting on a rock he meditated in deep content. Presently the odor of the spilled liquor clamored for recognition.

"I wonder," mused the Bishop, "if any pools remain on the ground?"

Holding the cup, he knelt and hunted, but found nothing. Abandoning the search, after a brief time, he stood erect.

"I feel like a new man!" he exclaimed. "The last few weeks have worked a great change in me. Abundant life leaps in my veins!"

That, or something else, surely stirred strongly within him. His blood had suddenly taken on a warm, rapid flow, his nerves tingled, his brain leaped like a mettlesome horse under the spur, and great thoughts pressed upon him. Remembering Ackerside range, he wished himself there and with that people. He felt himself blessed with the gift of tongues, and capable of moving an audience powerfully. He paced rapidly back and forth, and talked aloud, first in conversational tones, and then like a public exhorter. He talked, first with clearness, and then more disjointedly, and still his blood, nerves and brain leaped with the new life that thrilled them.

At last he paused, hesitated, and looked at the sky.

"Midnight!" he muttered. "I must return. Stay!—why go to the mining-camp now?"

He looked toward the summit of the mountain.

"I've a mind to go and see Queen Sylvia!" he exclaimed. "I have not seen her since she took compassion on me that night, so long ago. I have neglected her grossly. See her? I surely will; I'll go to the Hillmen's refuge and see her. Ah! that girl—Queen Sylvia!—thought of her moves me to the soul. I'll go to the mountain-top!"

He started. The liquor was in his blood and rioting in his brain. It dominated him completely. The immediate past was forgotten. He had forgotten Janet Bague, his promised wife; he had forgotten that he had himself married Sylvia and Leland Dale a few nights before. His outraged mind turned back to the time when he had been picked up from the gutter by Queen Sylvia, and he began life over again from that point. Imagining that he loved the mountain girl, he was on his way to see her. And, going, his mental faculties were in riot.

A few minutes later a tall, lank figure appeared directly before him.

"Hello, Dow!" cheerily exclaimed the Bishop. "Out for an airing? Enjoying the beauties of the night?"

The valley-man looked hard at the speaker.

"I was on my way home," he responded.

"Home?" cried the Bishop, with disdain. "And at this hour? Nonsense, man! Would you go and sleep and pass one-half of you allotted seventy years like a clod, in bed? That's no way! Live your span in full—like me!"

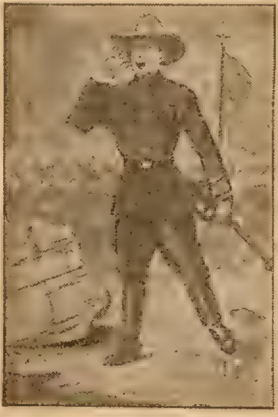
Reddington took Dow by the button. The valley-man caught the breath of his companion and knew that the secret cavity had been visited again, and that the imp of the casks was let loose.

"See here!" added the Bishop buoyantly, "let dull care jog at the heels of some other man, and do you go with me. I'm on my way to the secret retreat of the Hillmen!"

"What good will it do you?" asked Dow. "You can't enter."

"Can't I? Come and see! Somehow—I don't remember how, just now—I learned the secret of the entrance. I was by it, and saw men turn a movable rock. Why I was there I don't remember—but what does it matter? I know the way in, and that's enough. Come, old fellow, come with me!—here we go to the retreat!"

Before the address was finished Reddington had the other man by the arm and was urging him on up the acclivity. Dow went willingly. Bewildered, but scenting triumph and willing to catch at any chance, he climbed his best, and was no laggard comrade in body or mind.



"I will take them away."

"What have you there?" he asked.

"A garden implement composed of a crescent of metal and a handle of wood, and vulgarly termed a pick!" answered the Bishop loudly and frivolously.

"Why do you take it?"

"Faith, I'll reply like a Spaniard and say, Quien sabe, which, being properly clad in English, means, Who knows? Comprenez-vous? That's French, good brother Dow, and means, Do you understand?"

Reddington laughed hilariously and pulled hard at the arm he held

"Up, up!—make haste!" he urged.

"Gently!" returned Dow. "I have a very weak heart, and rapid progress affects my breathing. A little slower, but we will go on, dear Mr. Reddington—yes, we will go on!"

"Do you know the Hillmen?"

"No, but I am always glad to meet agreeable persons."

"That's my amiable old Dow!" quoth the Bishop genially. "A truly good man walks by my side. They of the refuge are good, too, and you will be glad to enter."

"So I shall!" admitted Dow.

"Of course, of course. Well, hurry up!—let your weak heart see that it is servant, not master. Up, up!"

They toiled on as fast as Dow could go. Reddington was unconscious of the fact that he traveled that wretched night with the foe of the Hillmen; he had forgotten all except folly. And he led in his mental blindness and fate chained the warning voice of reason. The ordained was to occur.

Up the ragged way, along wide ledges, through gulch and defile, over ridge and crevaced uplifts of stone, but as straight toward the desired point as the tangled way would permit; for the valley-man, filled with new hopes, guided their steps in the general direction he knew to be right. Once there, all would rest with Reddington. The entrance might be anywhere within a reach of four miles. Arrived at the summit the elder man would be powerless; all would depend upon the judgment, or knowledge—or something else—of a man who had lost nearly all reason.

The summit was reached, and then he was wholly at fault. He looked and rambled about, but made no progress, yet his confidence did not waver.

"I'll find it soon!" he asserted. "I was here with somebody, I don't know who—and the swinging rock was turned. I wanted to be modest, and I said I would not look, for I did not want the burden of the secret, but something—great curiosity, I suppose—made me steal a glance. Like Lot's wife, I looked back.

Facts About Motherhood

The experience of Motherhood is a trying one to most women and marks distinctly an epoch in their lives. Not one woman in a hundred is prepared or understands how to properly care for herself. Of course nearly every woman nowadays has medical treatment at the time of child-birth, but many approach the experience with an organism unfitted for the trial of strength, and when the strain is over her system has received a shock from which it is hard to recover. Following right upon this comes the nervous strain of caring for the child, and a distinct change in the mother results.

LYDIA E PINKHAM

There is nothing more charming than a happy and healthy mother of children, and indeed child-birth under right conditions need be no hazard to health or beauty. The unexplainable thing is that, with all the evidence of shattered nerves and broken health resulting from an unprepared condition, women will persist in going blindly to the trial.

It isn't as though the experience came upon them unawares. They have ample time in which to prepare, but they, for the most part, trust to chance and pay the penalty.

In many homes once childless there are now children because of the fact that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound makes women normal, healthy, and strong.

Any woman who would like special advice in regard to this matter is cordially invited to write to Mrs. Pinkham at Lynn, Mass. Her letter will be held in strict confidence.

Use KEROSENE Engine FREE!

Amazing "DETROIT" Kerosene Engine shipped on 15 days' FREE Trial, proves kerosene cheapest, safest, most powerful fuel. If satisfied, pay lowest price ever given on reliable farm engine; if not, pay nothing.

Gasoline Going Up!

Automobile owners are burning up so much gasoline that the world's supply is running short. Gasoline is 9c to 15c higher than coal oil. Still going up. Two pints of coal oil do work of three pints gasoline. No waste, no evaporation, no explosion from coal oil.

Amazing "DETROIT"

The "DETROIT" is the only engine that handles coal oil successfully; uses alcohol, gasoline and benzine, too. Starts without cranking. Basic patent—only three moving parts—no cams—no sprockets—no gears—no valves—the utmost in simplicity, power and strength. Mounted on skids. All sizes, 2 to 20 h.p., in stock ready to ship. Complete engine tested just before crating. Comes all ready to run. Pumps, saws, threshes, churns, separates milk, grinds feed, shells corn, runs home electric-lighting plant. Prices (stripped), $29.50 up. Sent any place on 15 days' Free Trial. Don't buy an engine till you investigate amazing, money-saving, power-saving "DETROIT." Thousands in use. Costs only postal to find out. If you are first in your neighborhood to write, we will allow you Special Extra-Low Introductory price. Write! Detroit Engine Works, 101 Bellevue Ave., Detroit, Mich.

MORPHINE FREE TRIAL TREATMENT

OPIUM AND ALL DRUG HABITS. Hundreds of testimonials prove that our painless home remedy restores the nervous and physical system and removes the cause. A full trial treatment alone often cures. Write us in confidence. ST. PAUL ASSOCIATION, Suite 1291—24 E. Van Buren St., Chicago

WETO GRAPH SECRET WRITING SYSTEM

Invaluable for lovers and for keeping recipes, addresses, secret memorandum or other information safe and private. No stranger can read your postals if you use the Weto Graph. Great fun for lovers or friends. Don't miss it. Send 10c and we will send the Weto Graph by mail, with full instructions. Address PENN PUBLISHING CO., PARNASSUS, PA.

Reel Line FREE to Introduce Write as Postal

KINGFISHER hook, Pat. Aug. 3 1902; catches two fish to the common hook's one. Dealers wanted.

Send 15c stamps for one KINGFISHER hook, 15 silver finish Cincinnati bass hooks and three good strong lines, postpaid. PARDON HOOK CO., Room 23 OWENSBORO, KY.

PARALYSIS Locomotor Ataxia Conquered at Last. Chase's Blood & Nerve Tablets does it. Write for Proof. Advice Free. Dr. CHASE, 224 North 10th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Do you see that I resemble a pillar of salt?"

Dow made no direct reply. He began to think he had followed the idle whim of one mentally incapacitated, and when half an hour more had elapsed he grew petulant.

"Can you get in or not?" he demanded. "I have come at your bidding, and now I want to get inside!"

"So do I!" snapped Reddington, suddenly violent of manner. "Look, you!—there is a man, one Dale, who has done me an injury. I love Queen Sylvia of the Haven, and he knows it, yet I am sure he has been false to my trust in him. I think he has come here to woo her! If he has—if I find him here, he had better never been born!"

Dow shrank back a little from this fierce speech, but it was along a line of which he approved, and he fostered it, presently, with wily words and covert suggestion; and he did not cease until he saw that he was goading the Bishop to a point where he would be wholly useless in their quest.

But the search abruptly ended. By mere chance they arrived where Reddington saw that which checked his steps and brightened his face.

"The rock!" he exclaimed. "Now, we will enter!"

Dow looked. To him it was no more than one of the many boulders, great and small, that littered the way, but it was more to his companion. Reddington knew that on that huge mass the Hillmen had expended years of cunning toil, and that it was a secret door. He fumbled for the device that would revolve the rock. He did not know the secret, yet something guided his hands. Succeeding where, on other occasions, he might possibly have failed a hundred times, he saw the way open and a dark gap appeared beyond.

They passed within; the rock revolved once more, and it was all over. The way was closed, blocked by the action of their own feet; but they were within the refuge.

They groped two hundred feet in darkness and emerged from gloom and were in a peaceful valley. Beyond them the flocks and herds of the Hillmen lay passing the night or stood grazing fitfully.

Eldruthan Dow was thrilled with triumph and desire, but Reddington's wayward fancy was quickly taken by something of small importance. A horse was within twenty feet of them.

"I'll have him!" declared the Bishop. "No more walking when I can ride. Whoa, pony!"

He approached the animal, but he did not know its peculiarities. As he advanced the horse wheeled and flung out its heels in a swift kick. The heels missed the man, but, striking the pick he carried, sent it forcibly against Reddington's head. He fell and lay still.

"Stunned or dead!" muttered Dow. "He has served my purpose; I want no more of him. I am in the valley!"

It was so. After eleven years of endeavor the valley-man was in the Haven. Triumph had followed effort, and now thirst for revenge pushed all other things back and stood at the front.

CHAPTER XX.

ON THE BRIDGE.

The gray of early morning crept slowly into the room where Thomas Hooper lay wrestling with disease. His failure had been complete, and it was practically certain before he took his last night-journey. From the time that the rope was found near the canyon the house had been watched day and night by vigilant men, though they kept far enough away to avoid being themselves seen. The stick-calendar, too, contributed to Hooper's downfall. In his semi-delirium he had not been so secret with it as he believed, and the marking of dots that had seemed natural in young Peter Brown, being observed, was suspicious in him.

Followed by Leland Dale and others, he had been brought back from the thicket by the needle-like rock and laid upon the bed from which he was never to rise again. For over-exertion and the crushing disappointment of the occasion had done their work on his enfeebled constitution. He lay slowly dying. His doctor and nurses knew this, and he knew himself, and he was drifting toward the end with the worst company of all things, his own thoughts.

Opposite him was a curtain that draped another bed. There Peter Brown passed his time, partly in the dark, for his eyes troubled him, and the precaution had been deemed necessary.

This morning, while light was yet uncertain, the night-nurse had hurried away for a few moments, and it was while she lingered that a long, sharp face appeared at the rear window—the face of Eldruthan Dow.

He had found the wide refuge hard to explore, and, long baffled, it was fully dawn before he happened on the houses. All was quiet there, and he stole into the village and began reconnoitering. Chance brought him to the house where he was now acting the spy.

Unseen by Hooper, he gazed within. He saw the room, the bed and its occupant. He recognized Hooper, and sudden rage came upon him. The light was so feeble that he failed to detect the ravages of disease. He only knew that he had seen the twenty-ninth day of July pass uneventfully by, and that he now looked upon Hooper, apparently serenely sleeping.

Believing he saw a traitor, he forgot prudence and quickly passed around the house and entered. Hooper opened his eyes and they looked each other in the face. Dow made no delay. He spoke swiftly, vehemently:

"Traitor! You have been false to your trust! You are marked for the blood atonement!"

Hooper's flagging energies came back with a rush. The thoughts of his recent hours heaped themselves in a combustible pile, and bitterness of soul applied the torch that was needed and set the pile to burning. He could not rise, but his eyes glittered and his tongue was unloosed.

"Oh! you have come!" he exclaimed pantingly. "It is good; I have been mad to see you, to tell you what you are, and what you have done. I am a lost wretch, and all is due to you and your pernicious teachings. My sins lie heavy upon me. I followed you to the Loraway trail and did that dark deed; I was with you when Saul Prentice was murdered——"

He stopped short, hesitated, and then excitedly added:

"Why tell of it all? I mentioned Saul Prentice! Let me say now that, of all the things I have known you to do, the worst was the deceit toward the boy we call Peter Brown. He was Saul Prentice's son!—he was present when his father was killed, and was himself wounded in that fatal hour. Poor Saul!—he was a noble man, and we were demons!"

Choking with emotion, Hooper was silent for a moment. Neither he nor Dow saw that the curtain of the other bed had been pushed a little aside, and that Peter Brown was peering out, listening to everything.

"But the boy, the boy!" Hooper pursued. "You saved him because he was too young to remember; you reared him under a false name, and he never knew he was Saul Prentice's son—nay, more, he was taught to hate Saul's memory and Saul's principles. Oh! it was cruel deceit!"

The speaker's voice broke and he shook with emotion, but he summoned resolution and went on pantingly:

"Cruel? You were always cruel! See my wounds, self-inflicted to blind these people!—to enable me to do your work. Have you no good word for a faithful helper?"

Dow, thinking the faint voice would not carry, dangerously, had listened calmly, coldly. Now he answered pitilessly.

"Faithful! Do you think I am blind to the obvious? Had you not been a traitor you would have found a way——"

A step sounded behind the valley-man. He wheeled. Before him was Mother Sarah, looking pale in the gray dawn, and from her head dangled a bandage with red stains. She stood and gazed fixedly at the intruder.

Dow's face grew paler than hers. He remembered that form and face, for he had known Saul Prentice's wife. Now, he thought he was looking upon one risen from the dead, and something thumped vehemently under his left shoulder and a strange choking was in his throat.

Appalled, he tried to flee, but he had taken his last step. He suddenly pitched forward and lay still, forever still. The weak heart that had troubled him in the climb of the mountain had utterly failed him in his great emergency, and the intruder in the Haven would do no more mischief.

Somewhat earlier than Dow's arrival at the village Leland Dale had passed lightly along the main trail that led to the grazing-valley. On the previous day a young colt had been found with a slight injury, and Sylvia had announced her intention of going to him at daybreak to see if further attention was needed. Dale had said nothing, though he had promised himself that he would accompany her; but when he awoke and went to her father's house she was already gone.

And now he was making for the same point, alone.

He passed along the upper trail, took the turn by the ridge and crossed over, and then descended and neared the gorge bridge. His mind was occupied, and it was not until he was almost at the great chasm that he saw that another man was visible, advancing from the opposite quarter.

Perceiving him, at length, he grew astonished. The man, who bore a pick on his shoulder, was John Reddington.

In the gray light the Bishop's expression was lost, and there was nothing peculiar in his carriage. Drink had not affected him as it did on former occasions. He walked firmly, and, though deeply surprised, Dale saw nothing strange. Greatly pleased, he extended his hand and cheerily cried out:

"Bishop, old friend, how are you?"

Reddington came on, silent. They met in the middle of the bridge. Then the expression, the eyes and the manner of the newcomer told their story. Looking at his companion with stony deliberation, he exclaimed:

"I have found you!"

Leland saw that something unpleasant was ahead of them, and he braced himself for the trial. He had to deal with one mentally stricken, and he knew it.

"That's right!" he agreed, as genially as possible. "Here you are, and I shall be glad to make you at home."

"Why are you here?" demanded Reddington curtly.

"Doctoring the sick Hillmen, you know."

"No, I don't know it. All gammon! Dale, you know that when Queen Sylvia rescued me in the mining-camp I fell to loving her. Now, what have you done? Why, pretending that you were off on a hunting-trip, you've come here to steal her away from me!" and the speaker's voice was strident and severe.

"I would steal nobody from you, Bishop. Remember Janet Bague!"

"Janet? She is nothing to me; I never spoke with her a dozen times in my life. Janet? Nonsense!—you want to talk me away from the subject, but it can't be done. Dale, do you think I don't know of your duplicity? You would steal Queen Sylvia from me!"

"Bishop, do you remember the Pathowick trail, the wagon-train, the broken bridge, the attack, the flight, and what happened after?"

"I remember nothing of that sort, and there is nothing to remember. You would trifle me with empty, false words, and drown me in evasions. It won't do! You have wronged me, and I am here for satisfaction. It is your life or mine! Prepare!"

He still held the pick, and now it took on motion. With glittering eyes and plain purpose he struck, and the blow was aimed at Leland's head, and he flung his weight with the blow.

The doctor stood firm. His hand flashed up to check the pick and its handle fell in his grasp. Skillfully caught, so much strength and solidity of defense were back of the hand that, snapped from Reddington's hold, the pick flew away, striking the flooring of the bridge heavily, and then, after a brief slide, it went shooting over the edge into the two hundred-foot gulf below.

Failure of his scheme maddened Reddington, and, snarling like an animal, he flung himself upon Dale. The assault was steadily met, and they grappled tenaciously.

There had been a time when Leland could have overpowered the Bishop easily, but it was when the latter was in his right mind. His present condition was more genuine madness than ordinary intoxication, and he had the strength of insanity. He opposed muscle to muscle, and Dale quickly saw that it was to be a fierce contest.

He remembered, too, that they were on a narrow bridge that was guarded only with a side-rail with a three-foot opening below, and that a great gulf yawned under all.

To fall was to be dashed to pieces on the jagged rocks.

Realizing that it would not do to deal lightly with a madman who fought there, the doctor put forth all his powers. Skilled in the tricks of the cunning wrestler he essayed every device known to him, but Reddington squirmed elastically out of each "lock" and interposed steel-like muscles to each shock. And the Bishop, showing his own knowledge of wrestling scientifically, pressed his attack with insane ferocity.

Tightly grappled, they staggered back and forth, and Dale saw with keen apprehension that they were often near the verge of the bridge. Something must be done, and quickly. Summoning his full energy he managed to trip his adversary, but they fell together, and within two feet of the edge.

Now Reddington fought with redoubled vehemence, and they writhed and turned with bewildering swiftness, while portions of both men occasionally hung over the gulf below.

Leland feared that the artificial powers of madness would outlast his own resources, and he planned for a last, desperate effort. Tightening his hold he went at his foeman with a semblance of the other's madness, and after a few dizzy turns they again rolled close to the edge. The doctor thrust out a foot and checked their going by connecting with a support of the side-rail, and the sudden shock swung Reddington so that he left an opening.

It was seized upon, and with a great effort Leland whirled him over on his back and himself pinned him down in a manner that did not admit of defeat.

Victory was his, but he had to deal with one bereft of reason, and who would not accept discomfiture. Leland had his man secure, but he could do no more than hold him where he was. To loosen his hold was to lose the advantage.

The doctor was at a loss, but, suddenly, footsteps sounded quick and light, and, looking hurriedly up, Dale saw Sylvia. She was very pale, but something like an icy calmness was upon her—there was no tremor of her nerves.

"Wait a moment!" she exclaimed. "I have what is needed!"

When, coming from the farther val-

$200.00
Reduction given you on any LOMBARD
PIANO
and in addition our Old Time Song Book
will be sent to you
FREE
if you answer this advertisement. Just your name on a postal brings you this book with words and music of 52 Old Time Songs—the dear old tunes we all love best—and our remarkable piano discount offer, all FREE. Write today.
GALESBURG PIANO CO.
302 N. Cherry Street, Galesburg, Ill.

YOUR HEART

Does it Flutter, Palpitate or Skip Beats? Have you Shortness of Breath, Tenderness, Numbness or Pain in left side, Dizziness, Fainting Spells, Spots before eyes, Sudden Starting in sleep, Nervousness, Nightmare, Hungry or Weak Spells, Oppressed Feeling in chest, Choking Sensation in throat, Painful to lie on left side, Cold Hands or Feet, Difficult Breathing, Dropsy, Swelling of feet or ankles, or Neuralgia around heart? If you have one or more of the above symptoms, don't fail to use Dr. Kinsman's Celebrated Heart Tablets which have made so many marvelous cures. Not a secret or "patent" medicine. One out of four has a weak or diseased heart. Three-fourths of these do not know it, and thousands die who have been wrongfully treated for the Stomach, Lungs, Kidneys or Nerves. Don't drop dead like hundreds of others when Dr. Kinsman's Heart Tablets will cure you.

FREE TREATMENT COUPON
Any sufferer mailing this coupon, with their name and P.O. Address, to Dr. F.G. Kinsman, Box 951, Augusta, Maine, will receive a box of Heart Tablets for trial, by return mail, postpaid, free of charge. Don't risk death by delay.

RIEGER'S
Pure Monogram
WHISKEY

RIEGERS
Monogram
EXTRA FINE
Whiskey
J.RIEGER&CO.

Send For Free Price List
Express Prepaid
4 Full Quarts
Rieger's Monogram Extra Fine $3.00
8 Full Quarts
Rieger's Monogram Private Stock $5.00
FREE two sample bottles, gilted glass and corkscrew with every order.
Over 100,000 customers appreciate our whiskey and acknowledge that it is far the best ever distilled. For smoothness and mellowness of flavor it cannot be equaled. Money refunded if whiskey is not perfectly satisfactory. Order today.
J. RIEGER & CO.
1656 Genesee Street,
Kansas City, Mo.

DR. FOOTE'S WONDER BOOK 10
on HEALTH—DISEASES—FREAKS—MARRIAGE—PARENTAGE—HUMAN NATURE
A peep into the Mysteries of the Inner-Man. This remarkable book is a thought-awakener, and is as interesting and easy to read as a novel. It contains more truths, common-sense, vital facts, valuable advice and information than your doctor would give you for $10. It answers in plain language questions that occur to the minds of men and women, young and old. It's positively worth sending for.
In 5 sections—240 pages, fully illus'd.
Price 10 Cents, by MAIL POSTPAID
Murray Hill Book Co., 119 E. 28th St., N. Y.

FITS EPILEPSY OR FALLING SICKNESS
Why despair, if others have failed; send at once for a treatise and Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. I have made the disease of Fits, Epilepsy or Falling Sickness a life-long study, and warrant my remedy to give immediate and successful relief. I have hundreds of testimonials from those who have been cured. Give express and P. O. address.
W. H. PEEKE, F.D., 4 Cedar St., Ne

TOBACCO HABIT C
Mrs. J. Kay, Room 2, 161 W. Madison
will send absolutely free prescription
harmless Tobacco Cure, which her
tobacco habit. Any druggist can

KNOW YOUR
Test reading
birth date. PROFESSOR C. SE

Poems Wanted. Cash p
Needham Music

Stir him up! Scold if necessary! Make him change the color of his gray mustache.
BUCKINGHAM'S DYE
If your druggist cannot supply you, send 50 cents

ley, she reached the bridge, she had been leading the injured colt with a long rope. She ran back, tore the rope from the colt and ran again to the bridge.

"I will tie his hands!" she uttered swiftly.

She was equal to the work, for she had ever labored much among the flocks and herds of the Haven, and she knew the knots that would constrict closely and hold tightly. And while Leland still clung to his baffled foe she wrapped the rope around his wrists and arms and knotted it beyond the power of man to break or loosen.

Next, remembering her stout sash for the first time, she wound that around the madman's ankles and he was helpless. What mattered it that he glared and cried out in bitter words?

Leland, free to move, at last, rose to his feet. He had not spoken from the beginning, for he was near the limit of his endurance. Now, smiling as best he could, he gave his hand to Sylvia.

"I am again saved by you!" he said, and then his voice broke.

CHAPTER XXI.

WHAT WAS HEARD.

It was two days later and there was peace in the mountain refuge. The majority of the Hillmen came and went about their business as if nothing had occurred out of the ordinary course of events. Irad Harney and his wife and [illegible] Kendall sat at their windows, convalescent. Thomas Hooper having passed away, he and Eldruthan Dow had been buried near the remote north end of the refuge, though not together; for Hooper, confessing before his death and en[illegible] his mortal life in repentance, did not [illegible] the shame of lying near Dow. [illegible] had been operated upon [illegible] Dow came to the Haven, and Leland Dale had skilfully reopened the old wound and lifted the depressed bone that burdened her brain. On the morning when she appeared to Dow, and frightened him to his undoing, she had evaded her nurses, and, beset with her ruling idea, had gone to see Peter. The discolored bandage of that occasion was that applied to her surgical wound.

Previously, chance had saved her from discovery when she visited the boy. The inclination of Mrs. Rudd to fall asleep, and the fact that the men who watched the house to detect treachery in Hooper were well back and Mother Sarah's house was near, had favored success; but, on the latest occasion, she was seen and taken back.

The operation had been a success, though the results surprised Leland in one way. Expecting that recollection of her life at the Haven would be absolutely blotted out, he discovered that it was remembered—even as to the details of her visits to Peter's sick-room—while, on the other hand, and this time as he had anticipated, her life before the reception of her wound was restored to her—she knew who she was, and what had happened in the valley below Mount Taber.

But over the remote past and the more immediate events at the Haven a kindly power threw a haze so that, while she was practically fully reinvested with her natural powers, all things had a certain dimness and aloofness, as if of long standing. Thus, she remembered Saul Prentice, her husband, but it seemed to her that the edge of her sorrow had been dulled by conscious time, and her present mourning was the softened regret consequent to this impression.

Peter Brown, the latest of the fever-victims, was daily improving, though his recovery was somewhat retarded by the emotions that thronged his mind almost constantly. What he had heard when Hooper accused Dow had been added to by full confession by Hooper, and the lad knew the truth. He knew he was the son of Saul Prentice and Mother Sarah; he knew that Saul had been a good and lofty-minded man, and that the valley-people had treacherously reared him to despise the memory of his own father.

The Hillmen were aware that a great change had come over "Peter," but, though they cared for him with newly-acquired sympathy, they said little to him about his past, leaving him to consider it in his own way, and there was ample evidence that it would not considered illogically.

Sylvia, walking toward her father's house, met Leland Dale.

"You have just come from the Mr. Reddington's bedside?" she asked.

"Yes."

"[illegible] is he?"

"[illegible] improved, this morning. His [illegible] is greatly increased, and his [illegible]"

"[illegible] remember"—she stopped and [illegible]

"[illegible] thing? It is as I thought [illegible] first became con[illegible] kindly, humble, [illegible]nce has compas[illegible] out the later events of [illegible] Bishop remembers going [illegible]vity to spill the liquor; [illegible]ing impressed by the [illegible] the casks were filled [illegible]esting the contents of [illegible] that the strong drink [illegible] to his head—and no more! [illegible] me this more in detail tha[illegible]day."

"And nothing about—"

"Nothing about Eldruthan Dow, and the journey to the mountain-top; nothing about the entrance to the valley, nor—nor about what happened at the gorge bridge. Still believing that there is a time to tell the the truth and a time to falsify masterfully, I have told him that we found him just outside the refuge, unconscious—perhaps from a fall—and so brought him in here. He believes the fiction—thank heaven!"

"Are you still certain that he and Dow came up the mountain together?"

"There is no doubt of it. Asa Dickson and I have risked mischief to ourselves by back-tracking the two men. Of course the ledges do not leave an uninterrupted trail, but we found enough—we found where Dow's trail joined the Bishop's, and where they came up Mount Taber together, and where they entered the Haven. It is absolutely sure that Reddington led Dow into this refuge!"

Sylvia was trembling.

"Can we, remembering this—and remembering what happened at the gorge bridge—can we still give the Bishop our friendship?" she asked

"Yes, emphatically, yes! Consider, dear girl! He ardently wishes to reform, and, until that fatal night, had long abstained from letting his demon into his life. Think how he fell!—the perplexity—of the dissimilarly-filled casks; the natural, mechanical investigation, and then the clutch of the demon. Sylvia, you should see his regret, his shame, his despair! Tell him? Never! Trust him? Implicitly! And there will be no more slips, I am sure. Only you and I know the full truth. We will hide it forever, and especially from Janet Bague. Ah! poor old Bishop!—he thinks of her, loves her devotedly, and grieves the more because, by his downfall, he has been false to her, than for any other cause. He longs to be a man again, to throw off his shackles forever. What shall we do about it?"

Sylvia smiled faintly, but readily and with resolution.

"Help him to conquer himself," she replied, "and forever hide from him what he does not know!'

"That's my noble girl!" exclaimed Leland. "We shall make no mistake. Providence has great and glorious work in store for John Reddington!"

A week later there was, one day, an impressive scene in the Haven. Men, women and children were issuing from the collection of houses and taking their way, one and all, toward the ridges through which ran the inner roadway. Dale and Reddington had determined to make another effort to pass through the Pathowick trail to Fort Haidley and ask for the help of Major Francis. Two were better than one, and they hoped for success.

Giles Leedron, learning of this, resolved to make the occasion one of public prayer and humiliation, and all had been summoned to worship in the temple on Blue Ridge, there to beseech the God of the righteous to grant success to the messengers and release from unwelcome hermitage to the Hillmen.

They went in a long column, Leedron and Roebuck in front as befitted spiritual and temporal leaders, and others scattered along as they saw fit. Of the number, Leland and the Bishop walked together. h When they reached the gorge bridge the doctor grew anxious lest it should awaken recollections he would forever extinguish, and the danger seemed near when the Bishop slowly checked his steps and looked about them.

"A novel spot!" said he quietly. "The bridge is a good piece of work, though the chasm makes me recoil. It almost seems as if I have seen something like this before!"

Leland glanced downward. Far below, a miner's pick with a splintered handle lay on the jagged rocks. He took Reddington's arm.

"Rude bridges are common!" he remarked, somewhat hurriedly. "We may be needed at the temple. Let us go on!"

They went, and the Bishop forgot the bridge and the gorge.

They arrived at the top of Blue Ridge and scattered around the ledgy stones of the temple. Men, women and children waited for the chief to lead in devout supplication, and, waiting, all faced toward the east—toward the point where, far off, the old-time homes in Kentucky, Missouri, Illinois and Ohio lay placid beyond the immediate vista.

Giles Leedron, tall and patriarchal, stood facing his people. He raised his hands heavenward and was about to speak, but the words died on his lips and he was silent. His expression, and the light in his eyes were changed. And a change had come over all others there. One and all, they seemed to listen with nerves athrill.

Strange sounds were in the Haven.

"Music!" almost gasped the Bishop.

"The music of drum and trumpet!" cried Leland. "Great heavens, that letter I sent to Major Francis by the train-master—can it be that help has come?"

Giles Leedron flung his arms higher up and almost shrieked:

"I hear it!—they play—somebody plays "The Star Spangled Banner!"

Now all the inmates of the temple were on their feet and incoherent questions and comments kept kindred confusion company. It was Doctor Dale who broke the medley.

"To the outer ridge!" he cried. "We must see who plays!"

Down from the uplifts, across the valley, up the remoter ridge, men, women and children surged together. They reached their destination and a wide, deep canyon lay before them, but, beyond the chasm, they saw something else. Men clad in blue, and bearing carbines and sabers, with musicians playing "The Star Spangled Banner,"—these things they heard and saw, but they saw more.

A fluttering fabric with stripes of red and white, and, elsewhere, a field of blue with stars of white—they saw, and from the elder Hillmen a gasping cry went forth:

"The flag, the flag!"

A scene akin to madness followed. Some reached out as if they would leap the gulf and grasp the fluttering fabric, others embraced and wept with delirious joy, while others yet fell upon their knees and poured out their singing—emotions in prayers of thanksgiving.

Beyond the canyon a fine-looking man in the uniform of a major of the United States army had been waiting to speak, but, now, he bared his head and waited while his fellow beings took their hopes and joys to their God. They prayed, but not now confronting the unresponsive seat—they faced the flag!

When there was a lull the doctor stepped forward.

"Do you recognize me, Major Francis?" he asked.

"Why, of course, Dale! Yes, and I got your letter, meeting the train when I was on scout. It was very convenient for me to come here. I'm here, and with me are three full troops of the Government cavalry. We came up from Shagfoot, though how we found our way I don't know."

"Can you do what I asked of you in that letter?"

"I can and I will. Your story of this people has touched me deeply. I will take them away to safety, and with them their flocks and herds, and whatever of their belongings they can easily carry. Trust me, too, that there will be no trouble by the way. The soldiers of the United States army shall be about them, and the flag shall wave over them. Yes and, if need be, the bullets of my troopers shall check the hostile efforts of their enemies!"

Wheeling, the speaker brought the flag to the edge of the canyon, where he firmly planted it, and then the musicians again sent forth the thrilling strains of the melody they had rendered before.

Light had come to the darkened lives of the Hillmen—the maimed eagle was restored to its own!

Of the coming of the soldiers into the refuge, of the gathering of men, women, children, flocks and herds, of the departure from the heights of Mount Taber, of the seeming inexistence of the valley people, of the peaceful passage of the Pathowick trail, of the journey to a place well beyond the reach of danger—of these things nothing need be told in detail.

The ex-Hillmen had unanimously decided that the community established by misfortune in the Haven should be continued to the end of their lives, so, learning of desirable unimproved land in Minnesota, they settled together and made a village, and there they dwelt in peace.

Among them was Mother Sarah and her son Nathaniel, once known as Peter Brown; and the boy took up the new life as well as he could. The teachings of his youth were hard to root up wholly, but he knew the truth, and he struggled manfully and conquered, and lived to be a comfort to his mother and honored of the former refugees; so that when Leedron, Roebuck and others grew old, he was a staff of his people.

John Reddington did not go far eastward, but, journeying to Ackerside range, he told the new settlers there of his shortcomings and his hopes, and they received him because they were in need and liked his candor; and after two years of sober and energetic work the "Bishop" brought Janet Bague there as his wife. And he fell no more from grace.

Leland Dale went with Leedron and his associates and became the physician of their community. United with Sylvia by an additional marriage ceremony, his house was the open door, the gateway of hope and magnet of the people whose good fortunes he now shared as he had once borne the burden of their perils.

The end.

* * *

Rope Prescription.

Dick Cullen of the New York dock department recently returned from a visit to western Pennsylvania, where are a lot of relatives of his wife. He was telling his experience to Senator Wagner.

"It's the only country for a melancholy man to be after living in," he said. "And I'll tell you why. You go into a store and ask for a piece of rope.

"'What are wanting it for?' asks the store man.

"'My old woman wants it for a clothes line,' you tell him.

"'What's your name?' he asks you.

"'Hans Hasenpfeffer Schmalz,' say you.

"'G'wan,' says he; 'you don't buy a piece of rope here without a prescription.'

"And it's the truth. Furthermore, it's a high crime to have any razor in your possession but a safety, with the blade sealed in, at that. And you have to go to the coroner's office to get the seal broken and a new blade put in."

2 Full Gallons Straight Whiskey
$2.87 $2.87
Less Than Wholesale Price
This Special Offer must call for 2 gallons at $2.87 or one gallon Trial Offer $1.64.
2 FULL GALS. FINE HIGH GRADE $5.00 STRAIGHT WHISKEY $2.87
Full 128 Ounces—the 2 Gallons Contain Full 256 Ounces.
Send us $2.87 and we will at once send you 2 Full Gallons fine, pure, straight whiskey, rich, mellow and good. Try it in any way you wish and if you do not find it to be the best whiskey you ever bought, at twice the price, send it back and we will return your money. This is an unheard-of low price. Under our special offer you can buy two gallon lots at a smaller price than your dealer pays by the barrel. Why pay more? Larger quantities as follows:
5 Gallon Keg, . . $7.15
10 Gallon Keg, . 13.41
25 Gallon Half Bbl., 33.10
50 Gallon Barrel, . 64.30
AMERICAN PURE FOOD COMPANY
Dept. B Kansas City, Mo.

GOITRE
Trial Treatment FREE
Don't allow an ugly goitre to disfigure you and sap your vitality. It's dangerous and unnecessary. Send today for my liberal free treatment, which will prove that you can be cured. Some cases report having been cured by my Trial Treatment alone. Relief from choking and other alarming symptoms and reduction in size of goitre, [illegible]. Don't allow past disappointments to discourage you. My success is the result of long study of this disease. I will send you letters from many grateful patients to whom you may write. The trial home treatment costs you nothing. I send it absolutely free without any obligation. Write me for it today. Dr. W. T. Bobo,
Goitre Specialist, 612 Minty Block, Battle Creek, Michigan

Vacant Government Land
HOW TO GET A FARM FREE
A Billion Acres Open to Homestead Entry and Purchase
FULL INFORMATION to LAND SEEKERS
About the United States Vacant Lands and How to Secure Them
Also, the number of acres and the kind of land described that is open to settlement in each county of every public land state and territory. The Location of Each Land Office to which Applications are made, with blank form of application. It tells about Irrigation and Irrigated lands, Oil and Saline Lands, how to acquire Townsites and Millsites, with Diagrams and Tables Revised to Date. 112 pages.
PRICE, PAPER COVERS, 25c., POSTPAID.
W. C. WATKINS, Box 1505, Pittsburgh, Pa.

PILES CURED AT HOME BY NEW ABSORPTION METHOD.
If you suffer from bleeding, itching, blind or protruding Piles, send me your address, and I will tell you how to cure yourself at home by the new absorption treatment; and wil lalso send some of this home treatment free for trial, with references from your own locality if requested. Immediate relief and permanent cure assured. Send no money, but tell others of this offer. Write today to Mrs. M. Summers, Box 457, South Bend, Ind.

Watch, Ring AND CHAIN GIVEN
FOR SELLING THIMBLES AND NEEDLES
We positively give a genuine American Watch, beautifully designed case, warranted time-keeper, 5-YEAR GUARANTEE, Sparkling Set or Plain Ring, as for selling 20 Silver Aluminum Thimbles at 10c each. Paper of Gold-Eye Needles Free with each Thimble. Easy to sell. Write for them. When sold return the $2.00 and we will send the watch and Ring. Ladies' or Gent's style Chain.
HOME SUPPLY CO., Dept. 100, CHICAGO

DRUNKENNESS CURED AT HOME. Inexpensive treatment. Free trial. Secrecy guaranteed. Acme Method, 180 N. Dearborn St., R. 105, Chicago, Ill.

Asthma REMEDY sent to you on FREE TRIAL. If it cures, send $1.00; if not, don't. Give express office. National Chemical Company, 836 Ohio Ave., Sidney, Ohio

$2 A DAY can be secured by active ladies in forming Grocery and Soap Clubs. Write for catalog and Special Offer. Papworth Co., 552 St. Marks Av., Syracuse, N.Y.

A Secret for Women in our Catalog of TOILET and NECESSARY articles Send 2c stamp. Fairbank Supply House, 3,60 Wabash, Chicago

TAPE-WORM EXPELLED WITH HEAD. FREE BOOKLET. BYRON FIELD & CO. 120 So. STATE ST., CHICAGO, ILL.

THE YOUNG CASTAWAYS;

Or, Wild Adventures in Honduras

By LIEUTENANT JACK JUDSON

[Copyright 1911 by W. D. Boyce Co.]

Begun in No. 16, April 22. Subscriptions can begin with that issue, or back copies can be obtained from news stands, our agents; or by mail from the office of publication.

CHAPTER XIII.

FINDS ANOTHER FRIEND.

THE warning sounded by Captain Jonas to Tom Fallon that the wild cougar of the Honduran forest was about to launch himself upon him was not needed, for the boy castaway had already perceived this.

Instantly Tom ducked even while his gaze was riveted on the mad brute and the following moment a great tawny body shot over the youth's head and landed snarling in the grass beyond.

The captain of the Silver Moon dared not fire at the monster for fear of betraying them to some foe and with the courage of a Greek he sprang straight at the huge cat.

Up leaped the cougar, but the heavy weapon descended upon his head and he recoiled stunned and defeated. Captain Jonas, not satisfied with his success, followed up his blow and rained several more upon the four-footed enemy till the form was still in the grass

"That was a close call, eh?" grinned the old sea-dog. "I fancy the wildcats of this forest are as dangerous as the outlaws, to say nothing of Senor Goralo and his minions."

Tom nodded assent and gazed at the carcass of the cougar

In a little while the tramp was resumed, Captain Jonas leading the way as before.

"I say, Tom," he suddenly said, turning to his companion. "Won't Tolusa and his fellows have a fine time hunting the gold chest of the old ship?"

"A fine time indeed, captain," was the reply.

"They've got a bigger contract than looking for the bag of gold at the end of the rainbow."

At length the pair came out upon an open place where the soft moonlight fell in wondrous beauty.

"It looks like paradise, Tom, but it isn't," the sailor said. "We're not yet out of the woods. Now if we could find Dick and the girl——"

At that moment Tom seized the captain's arm and pointed to the left.

"What is it, lad?"

"I saw the grass move yonder!" exclaimed Tom in suppressed tones.

"A bushmaster, think you?"

"I don't know."

Cautiously Captain Jonas moved forward with his rifle ready for an emergency. Tom followed in his tracks.

All at once the sailor came to a halt.

"Stand up!" Tom heard him command.

The grass parted and the dark figure of a man came into view.

"Throw down your rifle!"

A weapon dropped from the man's hands and Captain Jonas commanded him to come forward.

Tom uttered a cry.

"He's one of Segara's men!"

The half-naked Carib said nothing, but stood like a statue in the rich moonlight, his eagle eyes glued upon the weapon clutched by Captain Jonas.

"Where are Dick and Marcelle?" cried Tom. "Are we near them?"

The still silent Carib turned and pointed away.

"That's no answer," exclaimed the sailor. "We want the truth. You belong to Segara's band. Where are the others?"

"At the swift river."

"Show us."

The native shrugged his shoulders and looked at the two with glowering eyes.

"Forward!" said the captain, harshly. "At the first sign of treachery there'll be a dead Carib for the vultures to pick."

The Indian's lips came together with a snap and he strode forward sullenly.

"Is the river near?" asked Captain Jonas.

"Not far, senor."

"That's good," and Jonas smiled at Tom.

Suddenly the guide stopped in his tracks and turned his head.

"Senor Goralo at river," he said sententiously. "Segara dead. White people gone back to their master."

"I don't believe it," cried the boy castaway. "The whole band was well armed. Marcelle had Maximilian with her and they would fight to the death. The man's a coward, Captain. He has evidently deserted."

"To be sure he has. Keep an eye on him, Tom. He means treachery."

The Carib now pointed to the back trail and when the deceived Americans turned their heads for an instant he darted off like a deer.

"I thought so," leaped from Captain Jonas's throat. The Carib was running zigzag through the somewhat open timber, but the sea-dog raised the weapon. It was a quick flying shot, but as the weapon spoke a figure pitched forward and lay still.

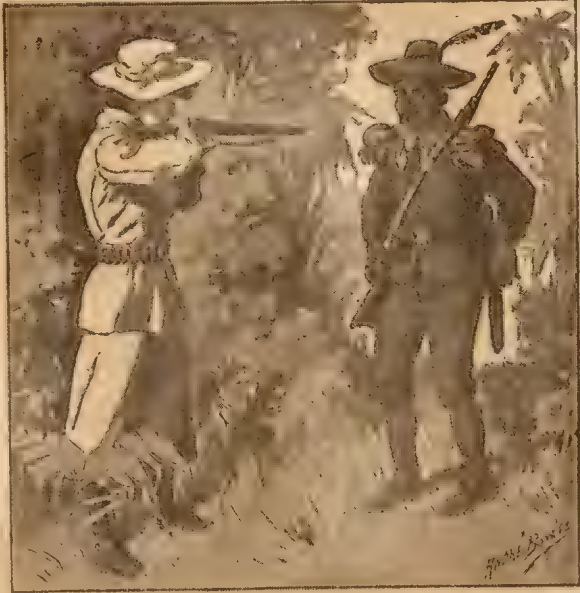
"I warned him that treachery meant death," remarked Captain Jonas as he turned from the stiffening body on the ground. "If the river is near we'll find it, Tom."

The night passed and Tom and Captain Jonas were still in the wild tangle.

One by one the gorgeous birds of the tropics came out and warbled. Monkeys leaped from bough to bough and chattered at the two friends, and now and then a serpent glided away before them.

Hunger had seized upon the forest trailers, but they said nothing.

Tom looked in vain for so much as a berry and at last with an eager cry darted forward and seized the limb of a bushy tree which was covered with a sort of crimson fruit which looked like the luscious cherries in his uncle's gardens.



"Stand up!" she cried.

Suddenly something lit on his arm.

He fell back with a cry of horror, his gaze riveted upon the huge spider whose greenish garb and ferocious head almost froze him with terror.

"It's the green death!" cried Captain Jonas and his voice had a terrible sound.

Tom dared not shake the monster loose. The least movement might precipitate the spider against his flesh and a bite would deal his doom.

Captain Jonas cut a small stick and cautiously approached the green monster. In another moment he deftly struck it a smart blow and to Tom's relief the thing dropped to the ground. Tom's face was as white as mountain snow.

"I've heard of that thing," said Captain Jonas, as he ground the spider beneath his heavy heel. "I have heard that the wild men of Honduras dip their arrows into the body of the green death to poison them. I thought you were gone, Tom, my boy, when I saw the monster on your arm."

"And I owe you my life, Captain Jonas."

"Don't mention it, lad," was the reply. "We'll try the trail again."

The berries had been found luscious and Tom and his companion made a meal on them ere they resumed the journey.

"Look!" suddenly exclaimed the boy castaway. "The river!"

Sure enough through the trees appeared a line of silver which seemed to glitter in the sun and the following minute the two stood on the banks of a rushing torrent that shot on and on till it was lost to sight far away.

"The Carib said he had left Dick and Marcelle at the river," Tom said.

"Yes, but they may not be there now."

They moved down the bank, keeping out of sight as much as possible till Captain Jonas halted to take his bearings with his little compass.

The sun was mounting higher in the heavens and for some time the old sea dog remained silent.

They could not see far back into the dense forest from the river for the tall trees of a hundred species shut out the sunlight and the air was heavily laden with the fragrance of gigantic flowers. The long and exciting tramp had tired Tom. He felt his limbs giving way beneath him, but he did not complain. If Dick and Marcelle were to be found he must keep on and on, but as he advanced he was obliged to acknowledge that success was becoming hopless. Perhaps after all, as the dead Carib had intimated, his friends had fallen back into the hands of Senor Goralo, the man-spider of Honduras.

"You're played out, my boy?" suddenly said Captain Jonas as he turned back upon Tom whom he had been covertly regarding for a few minutes.

"I can push on, captain," was the reply.

"No, there's no use denying your condition. A little rest will do you good."

Tom dropped at the foot of a tree and almost at once his eyes began to close

"I'll scout a little while you sleep," the old salt said in kindly tones. "I'll not go far away. You'll be safe here, Tom."

The boy castaway was too near exhaustion to remonstrate and as his eyes closed again he saw the form of his friend move off.

How long Tom Fallon slept at the foot of the tree he did not know. When he came back to consciousness he pulled himself together and looked around. Captain Jonas was not in sight. Right over his head were a pair of huge eyes surrounded by a crimson circle and gradually Tom made out the grotesque body of their owner. Once before he had seen the great red ape of the woods He had shuddered at the ferocious looking creature, but the natives had told him that, despite the ape's looks, he was not dangerous.

The young castaway continued to gaze at the animal, but all the time he wondered at the prolonged absence of Captain Jonas. What had become of the brave old salt?

Presently the ape let fall from his blackish hands something that landed at the boy's side.

Tom with a little cry reached forward and seized the object which was a well cracked cocoanut.

"Thanks for a breakfast!" he exclaimed, looking up at the grinning monster on the limb. "You're the rarest old companion I've met for a long time."

The young fugitive began to feast on the nut which was rich and fresh and the ape seemed to grin his delight.

When Tom raised his hand to cast the empty nut aside his gaze became riveted upon an object not twenty feet away. A shudder of horror shot like an electric bolt through every nerve.

It was the huge head of some beast, the great eyes seemingly fastened upon him, but the rest of the body was concealed by the grass in which it lay

Tom felt for his rifle and cocked it.

At that instant the head was lifted a little higher and he saw that he faced another cougar.

But at the same time, to his mystification, he saw more than this.

The boy lowered the weapon and leaned forward. At that moment the big red ape with a chatter of fear whisked his ugly body out of sight.

Tom put out his hand and cried: "Maximilian! Maximilian!"

The cougar sprang up and bounded forward. Tom saw the collar at his throat. The huge beast began to lick his hand. The boy smoothed the tawny hide and leaped to his feet. It was je-

The Pumping Wonder

Engine Pumps 400 to 1,500 Gallons Per Hour. Beats Windmills!

This midget engine is solving the water problem for thousands of farmers, stockmen and dairymen, truck gardeners, home owners. Runs for less than 1 cent an hour. Complete in itself. Fits any pump and makes it hump. No belts, no arms, no anchor posts, no tanks, towers or special platform needed. Outpumps any windmill. No waiting for wind. Start the engine any time, day or night, and

Up Comes the Water!

—400 to 1,500 gallons per hour, depending on depth of well and diameter of pump cylinder. Needs no attention while running. Safe, simple. A child can run it.

FULLER & JOHNSON

Farm Pump Engine

Fits Any Pump and Makes It Hump!

Clamps quickly to pump. Makes 31 to 53 strokes per minute; lifts half a ton each stroke. With air chamber added, throws 60 foot stream. Splendid fire protection. Unequaled for watering lawns and gardens, spraying trees, etc.

Runs Hand-Power Machines

and pumps at the same time. Runs corn sheller, grindstone, feed cutter, cream separator, washer, etc. Works for the whole family without wages. Always on the job.

How to Get an Engine (Book FREE)

Patented in the United States, Canada and other foreign countries. Other patents applied for.

Send no money. Write for wonderful Engine Book and name of nearest dealer who has Farm Pump Engine on exhibition. Best dealers in the U. S. sell Fuller & Johnson Engines. Write at once.

FULLER & JOHNSON MFG. CO. (257)
(Estab. 1840) Cleveland St., Madison, Wis.

QUICK HAIR GROWTH!

Box Free To You.

Result of a Few Weeks Koskott Treatment.

TRUE METHOD DISCOVERED

Let us prove to you that the Koskott Method of hair growing is the genuine, scientific one. We will send you a DOLLAR BOX out of the Koskott Treatment FREE. We guarantee to grow hair on any bald head, under cash forfeiture.

EITHER SEX Our method is directed at removing the cause, *dermodex folliculorum*—microbes—& opening the closed follicles so that the hair roots which are not dead, but dormant, (like a tulip bulb or grass seed in a bottle) are given fertility & a chance to grow. Ours is the treatment that MAKES GOOD or you can use it WITHOUT COSTING YOU A CENT. It is for men's, women's & children's heads, to clear scalp of dandruff, stop falling hair & to promote growth of new hair. We especially want you to answer this adv. if you have wasted time & money in liquids, washes, soaps, etc., which accomplish nothing. We want to surprise & delight you. Send only 10 cents, silver or stamps, to cover actual mailing & adv. cost & we will send a $1.00 Box absolutely free, postpaid, plain wrapper. None sent unless 10 cents is enclosed. Only one box sent to a person free. Address KOSKOTT LABORATORY, 1269 Broadway, 356 L New York, N. Y. **$1. BOX FREE**

DON'T CUT OUT VARICOSE VEINS

But reduce them, stop pain and inflammation with

ABSORBINE JR

A mild, safe, anti

Also removes Goitre, Painful drocele, Varicocele, Bruises, "Black and ations, etc., in a pleasant manner. Boo $1.00 4-oz., $2.00 12-oz. bottle at drug W. F. YOUNG, P. D. F., 337 Temple St.

Gall Stones Cured, quick an success. By m Write COLE

FUTURE, past, dime a you. Madam Irene, 115

MONEY

FISHLIX Sur cer

"606" Blood Poison

If you have rash, copper-colored spots, mucous patches, throat symptoms, aching bones, severe continued headaches or ulcers, isn't it fine to know that there is a remedy which in thousands of cases has removed these symptoms within twelve to forty-eight hours? It is estimated that half a million packages were used within the last thirty days throughout the world. "606" was perfected after "605" experiments by Prof. Dr. P. Ehrlich, Privy Counsellor and chief medical adviser to the German Emperor. The Rockefeller Institute donated $10,000 to him to help perfect it. It is now being introduced under the name of Salvarsan and registered under the Pure Food and Drugs Act, Serial No. 27[illegible]3. Each package bears the signature of Prof. Ehrlich in red ink. McClure's Magazine for December contains a 17-page article on Prof. Ehrlich and his work. Get a copy at your public library. "606" requires no testimonials, for it is recognized and recommended by the great scientists and physicians of the world. It contains no mercury or iodides.

Blood Poison may cause blindness, paralysis or locomotor ataxia. "606" can save you. Upon receipt of $30.00 we will send you by registered mail, in plain, unmarked package, a box of Salvarsan. In the box you will find the name of a reliable specialist in Chicago or other large city near you who will administer it to you under the instructions of Prof. Ehrlich and approved practice. We pay his fee. He will detain you but a few moments and you may then without loss of time go on about your regular duties. Make money payable to the "606" Laboratories, 31 West 42nd St., New York City. If you prefer a private address, use the name of J. H. Scott.

SPORTING GOODS Cards, Dice, etc. Catalog free. G. LEE & CO., Salida, Colo.

GAMBLING GAMES Exposed. Dice, Cards, etc. Catalog free. M. Hill Swanton, Ohio.

SPORTING GOODS, Books, Cards, Dice, etc. Catalog Free. B. L. SMYTHE Co., Newark, Mo.

FOXY FLORENCE. A tale of a wayward girl. One long scream from cover to cover. 10c silver. Address GEM SPECIALTY CO., Beaver Falls, Pa.

FORTUNE TOLD. Past, present, future. Send 10c; birthdate. Money refunded if not pleased. MME. EVALINE, Kewanee, Ill.

12 Your NAME in GOLD or town greetings on 12 Fine Post Cards GROSS CO., 2147 Arthur Ave., New York **10c**

This FREE Recipe Cures Weak Men

If you are suffering from nervous debility, lack of vigor, weakened manhood, failing memory, or lame back, brought on by excesses, unnatural drains, or the follies of youth, and you have become discouraged and disheartened by repeated failures, and wish to be restored to health, strength, and vigor, write me today and I will send you this Invigorating Prescription in a plain sealed envelope FREE OF CHARGE, so that you can cure yourself at home privately, and thus banish all your troubles. I have used this prescription in my practice for over twenty years, and I have proof that it reaches the seat of the trouble, and sets it bubbling with new life. Write today and receive it FREE. Address DR. FRANKLIN ROBERTS, No. 125 Butler Bldg., Marshall, Mich.

BLOOD POISON

Cured by the Marvel of the Century, the Obbac System

Drives out blood poison in any stage permanently, without deadly mercury, or iodide of potash, but with purely vegetable, safe ingredients. To prove it we will send you a

30 Day Treatment Free

Symptoms leave quick. Cure yourself at home now. Send for free treatment and remarkable book on Cure of Blood Poison. THE OBBAC CO., 1068 Obbac Bldg. Chicago

$3.50 Recipe Free, For Weak Men.

Send Name and Address Today—You Can Have it Free and Be Strong and Vigorous.

I have in my possession a prescription for nervous debility, lack of vigor, weakened manhood, failing memory and lame back, brought on by excesses, unnatural drains, or the follies
youth, that has cured so many worn and
rvous men right in their own homes—with-
t any additional help or medicine—that I
k every man who wishes to regain his
y power and virility, quickly and quietly,
e a copy. So I have determined to
copy of the prescription free of charge,
ain, ordinary sealed envelope to any
will write me for it.
escription comes from a physician
ade a special study of men and I
d it is the surest-acting combina-
cure of deficient manhood and
ver put together.
e it to my fellow man to send
confidence so that any man
weak and discouraged with
may stop drugging himself
nt medicines, secure what
kest-acting restorative, up-
CHING remedy ever de-
nself at home quietly and
e a line like this: Dr.
Luck Building, Detroit,
d you a copy of this
in, ordinary envelope
many doctors would
merely writing out a
I send it entirely

deed Marcelle's pet, but when he looked around he could see nothing of the girl or Dick. In a moment Maximilian sent forth a low growl. Tom turned his head and saw Captain Jonas striding forward.

CHAPTER XIV.

LAST OF CAPTAIN JOAO.

"Huh!" grunted Captain Jonas, as he gazed with astonishment upon Tom and Maximilian. "Where did you get that cat?"

The boy castaway looked up into the weatherbeaten face and smiled.

"It is Maximilian, Marcelle's pet," said he. "Look at the collar, Captain."

The cougar came alongside the old sea-dog and purred playfully like a kitten.

"And where are the young Americans?" He stood erect and sent his gaze through the forest.

"They cannot be far away," Tom answered. "Maximilian seldom quits his mistress. But what have you discovered?"

The old man was thoughtful for a moment.

"Not much, but something. I found a lot of foottracks along the water's edge."

Tom's face paled.

The animal raised his head, sniffed the air and then started off.

"Come, boy!" cried the old sailor. "The big cat knows something."

They followed the beast which loped through the forest, now and then turning his head to look at them.

Suddenly a shrill little call rang through the wood. Maximilian answered and showed his teeth with brutish delight.

Tom quickened his steps and ran ahead. In a moment two figures rose from a tangle of shrubbery.

"Dick!" cried Tom.

"Tom!" replied two voices and the boy castaway was soon shaking hands with his friends, while Captain Jonas looked on, his broad face agrin.

"Where are the others?" queried Tom when he got his second wind.

"Rascals all," answered Dick. "If we had not lost Segara in the torrent he might have kept them together."

"But Senor Goralo?"

"Somewhere near; perhaps on this side of the river."

"With his minions?"

"Yes; Joao, dogs and all."

A little council of war was opened then and there. Dick and Marcelle detailed their adventures since Tom's capture by the outlaws. They had managed to keep clear of Senor Goralo up to the present moment, but this did not indicate that the man-spider had given up the chase. Far from it. So far nothing had ever eluded the gold-miner. He had overcome every enemy and the four felt that the battle for freedom had only begun.

Dick and Marcelle were literally lost in the Honduran jungles. The girl, however, had preserved her map of the country and this she spread before Captain Jonas.

"I must get our bearings from this," said the old captain as he bent over the map. "If we start right——"

He was interrupted by a sharp report and something sang above his head.

"The man-monster!" cried the boys in a breath.

All were on their feet in an instant. Friendly trees and the undergrowth sheltered them and for some moments silence reigned on that spot.

"That shot came from across the river," said Captain Jonas in a whisper. "The rascals haven't crossed yet."

"But I can see no one," returned Dick.

"No?"

Marcelle was holding Maximilian close to the ground, for the beast was snarling fiercely as though he would launch himself into the open for he had scented the enemy.

At length the fugitives managed to get deeper into the forest and, finding a secluded spot, waited for the approach of night. They were well aware that Senor Goralo and his men would find some crossing and then the hunt would be resumed with added fury.

"No more chasing butterflies, Tom," said Dick, laying his hand on his friend's arm.

Tom nodded.

"Not if they come around with diamond-laden wings!" he said with a grim smile.

The tropic night comes on quickly. A large bird with speckled wings gave a few shrill cries and then lapsed into silence.

"The bird of the dark," Marcelle explained. "It is his adieu to daylight."

The day stillness of the wood was rudely broken. The howling Aluates, or long-tailed monkeys [illegible] their serenade and the whole forest seemed to shake under their vociferous cries. Now and then came forth the terrible cry of the sneaking jaguar and from another part of the gathering gloom the stealthy cougar responded.

From beyond the river came no sounds of the enemy. Senor Goralo and his followers did not signal their whereabouts and all was uncertainty.

Captain Jonas consulted his compass and the little band pushed on once more.

"If we can get beyond the hills that must face us," said Marcelle, "we will be almost at the fringe of Senor Goralo's rule."

"You must have studied the map well, Miss?"

"Yes, Captain Jonas, I have studied it ever since I passed the entrance of the man-spider's web," was the reply.

"Then for the foothills!"

All at once Maximilian, uttering a strange cry, bounded from Marcelle's side. The girl called, but he did not return.

"That cat scented something," remarked the old sea-dog.

"The enemy, perhaps."

Deep in the forest was heard a noise as of a fierce battle. The fugitives heard the snarls of Maximilian, they caught sounds of a struggle they could not see, but all stood ready with weapons prepared for anything that might impend.

Presently something whined at Marcelle's feet. Maximilian had returned.

Captain Jonas struck a match and held it over the gigantic cat. Marcelle uttered a cry.

Blood dripped from the animal's fangs, his eyes flashed a deadly light and each looked into the other's face.

"Maximilian won!" cried Marcelle with a little laugh. "The big cat did not come out second best."

Knowing that the hills had risen between them and the river, Captain Jonas moved forward with the others at his heels. The sea-dog carried a lighted match in his hand.

At once the cougar rushed forward and fell upon something on the ground.

"Look!" cried Captain Jonas.

On the soft ground lay the body of a Carib. He had been torn by the ferocious beast and was dead.

"It is Loro," said Marcelle with a look.

"Then the enemy has crossed the river?"

"Yes."

The match was flung to the ground and all stood silent for a long time. The new danger seemed to appall them.

"We can't fight in the dark," said Dick. "If Senor Goralo and his minions are near us——"

"We must elude them till daylight and by that time let us hope that the game will have been well played."

It took Marcelle some time to quiet Maximilian. The cat, having tasted human blood, was eager to rush ahead and engage whatever foe he could find. He was almost certain to betray their position to the crafty Spaniard at their heels.

Back in the depths of that desperate forest, if the gaze of Tom and his friends could have pierced it, was a knot of men whose figures were dimly revealed by the moonlight which flecked the little open place where they stood.

Senor Goralo leaned against a large tree listening to his right-hand man, Captain Joao. The half-Spaniard was speaking hotly.

"The Americanos are cunning," he was saying, despite Senor Goralo's frown. "So far they have eluded us and by noon tomorrow they will be beyond our clutches."

"Never! I will follow to the gates of the capital!" roared the man-spider. "Think you, Joao, that I will be outwitted by three children?"

"Children or not," snapped Joao, "they have the wood cunning of the best Caribs."

The Spaniard looked darkly from beneath his heavy eyebrows.

"Do you want to give up?" he cried and his quivering fingers pointed over the back trail. "I want no cowards with me."

Captain Joao dissembled his anger and answered:

"When has Captain Joao proved a coward?" said he.

"It is the coward who falters," came from Senor Goralo's lips in tones of passion.

The man-monster stepped back and waved his hand to the listening group.

"Let all who will follow their leader to the end come to his side!" he exclaimed.

All but the sullen Joao complied. That personage folded his arms and stood as erect as a statue.

"Seize that man!" The words leaped from Senor Goralo's tongue like arrows from a Carib bow.

The soldiers hesitated. The Spaniard stamped the ground in his rage.

"Joao is no coward!" was sent hissingly into his teeth. "He has slaved for his master. He has struck when he was commanded to strike. He knew no favorites."

"But he offered to send the young Americano home for a certain sum."

Captain Joao started. How had Senor Goralo discovered this? Aye, he knew. The Spaniard had had spies at his heels.

"Captain Joao is his own master," he suddenly cried. "From this moment he owes allegiance to no man."

"He is still in the service of Senor Goralo!"

"It is false."

The half-Spaniard stepped back.

"Take the traitor!" cried the man-spider and several soldiers leaped at Captain Joao. The bloodhounds lurched forward.

Quick as a flash of powder the long

Quick Relief From Catarrh

A Simple, Safe, Reliable Way, and It Costs Nothing to Try.

Those who suffer from catarrh know its miseries. There is no need of this suffering. You can get rid of it by a simple, safe, inexpensive, home treatment discovered by Dr. Blosser, who, for over thirty-six years, has been treating catarrh successfully.

His treatment is unlike any other. It is not a spray, douche, salve, cream, or inhaler, but is a more direct and thorough treatment than any of these. It cleans out the head, nose, throat, and lungs so that you can again breathe freely and sleep without that stopped-up feeling that all catarrh sufferers have. It heals the diseased mucous membranes and arrests the foul discharge, so that you will not be constantly blowing your nose and spitting, and at the same time it does not poison the system and ruin the stomach, as internal medicines do.

If you want to test this treatment without cost, send your address to Dr. J. W. Blosser, 27 Walton Street, Atlanta, Ga., and he will send you by return mail enough of the medicine to satisfy you that it is all he claims for it as a remedy for catarrh, catarrhal headaches, catarrhal deafness, asthma, bronchitis, colds and all catarrhal complications. He will also send you free an illustrated booklet. Write him immediately.

* * *

No Great Matter.

"How do you like this grand opera, Bill?"

"I can't understand what they are saying."

"That's all right. You ain't missing no jokes."

* * *

J. P.

Those suffering from weakness and lack of vigor should take JUVEN PILLS. One box will tell a story of marvelous results. This medicine has more rejuvenating, vitalizing force than has ever before been offered. Sent postpaid only on receipt of this advertisement and $1. Made by its originators, C. I. HOOD CO., proprietors Hood's Sarsaparilla, LOWELL, MASS. (a)

* * *

He Shouldn't Have Done It.

The impassioned orator at the Milwaukee tramps' convention paused and wiped his perspiring brow.

"Brothers," he said, "this is hard wok."

Then they expelled him.

BOYCE'S EXCHANGE

To Buy, Sell or Exchange any kind of Real Estate or Personal Property advertise in Boyce's Exchange. Costs $1.85 per line for insertion in both the Blade and Ledger. Adv. Dept., 500 Dearborn Avenue, Chicago

FARMS FOR SALE

FARMS FOR RENT OR SALE ON CROP PAYments. J. Mulhall, Sioux City, Iowa.

MISCELLANEOUS

278-ACRE EQUIPPED FARM $5,800; ONLY $2,800 cash required. Near two railroad stations, high school, creamery, milk station, etc.; will keep 60 cows, cut 60 tons hay, 200 cords wood, 260 fruit trees; pure spring water; several barns, poultry house, other out buildings; maple shade; owner has other business, must sell at once; includes 3 horses, 2 cows, mowers, binder, sprayer, modern plows, cultivators, potato hiller and other valuable machinery, tools, wagons, etc.; price for all $5,800. $2,800 cash, balance easy terms. Full details and traveling directions to see this and hundreds of other big, rich, money-making farms, page 29, Strout's Farm Catalogue 34, biggest and best farm catalogue ever issued; gives full details regarding railroads, climates, markets, schools, soils, crops raised, etc., in all the best farming districts of the east, just out, copy free. Station 3040, E. A. Strout, 407 South Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.

AUTOMOBILES

LEARN AUTOMOBILE BUSINESS. Home Lessons. $25.00 weekly job guaranteed. $10.00 weekly while learning. Rochester Auto School, 2037, Rochester, N.Y.

HELP WANTED

BIG PROFITS: OPEN A DYEING AND CLEANING establishment; very little capital needed. We tell you how. Booklet free. Ben-Vonde System, Dept. 2-A, Staunton, Va.

OBESITY TREATMENT

REDUCE YOUR WEIGHT. INTERESTING BOOK and Proof Treatment mailed absolutely free to any over-stout person. Quick, safe, reliable, lasting reduction, wonderful improvement in health and appearance. Dr. H. C. Bradford, 20 E. 22nd St., 9 O, New York, N. Y.

HELP WANTED—MALE

THOUSANDS of Railway Mail Clerks, Clerk-Carriers, and Rural Carriers needed. Write today for Free Trial Examination. Ozment, Dept. K, St. Louis, Mo.

OLD COINS

$7.75 PAID for rare date 1853 quarters; $20 for a $½. Keep all money dated before 1880, and send 10c at once for new illustrated Coin Value Book, 4x7. It may mean your fortune. C. F. Clarke Co., Dept. 10, Le Roy, N. Y.

sword which the half-Spaniard carried was whipped over his head and the foremost man was cut down without mercy. Then the first hound followed him and after several maddened strokes, dealt with the rapidity of lightning, Joao turned on his heel and bounded away.

Vainly did the soldiers beat the forest for him. One of the hounds came back with a savage cut across the head, but the man had vanished.

Down through the deep wood he ran. He paused not till he no longer heard the baying of the dogs. When he checked his speed he caught his breath and leaned slightly against a giant tree.

"Let them follow Joao if they dare!" he cried. "He has at last severed the bonds that united him to his master."

The next moment something long and sinewy fell from the branch overhead. The half-Spaniard gave a cry as he was lifted from the ground and his voice trailed off into silence.

He was in the folds of a boa! Never again would he serve any master. The terrible serpent of the tropics had made sure of that.

CHAPTER XV.

BETWEEN TWO FIRES.

The death of the Carib at the claws of Maximilian warned the fugitives that Senor Goralo and his soldiers were not far off. If they could evade them till daylight it was hoped that they would be well out of the snare.

They moved through the forest as rapidly as possible and with the least noise.

A length day broke once more over the wild scene.

Far and wide they searched the wood with their eyes, but no sign of an enemy could be observed.

Maximilian, seemingly proud of his triumph over the Carib Loro, ran hither and thither sniffing the air as if in search of more worlds to conquer. Marcelle was kept busy keeping him in restraint, but all at once, uttering a strange cry, he vanished.

The girl looked around and, waving her hand to Tom and Dick, darted after her pet.

"Hang the girl!" cried Captain Jonas. "We shall lose her if she goes too far."

But Marcelle was already out of sight and the three stood and gazed speechlessly at the wilderness that had swallowed her.

Let us follow the American girl.

Maximilian was soon observed by her and she hastened to a spot where he had crouched, his tawny tail lashing the air and his eyes emitting flashes of resentment.

The big cat had seen something.

Marcelle paused and fell to watching the animal.

Looking over his ears she could see nothing, but the habits of the cougar told her that he had discovered something ahead.

All at once an object rose above a clump of grass and the girl started.

It was not the naked head of a Carib this time, nor was it the repulsive one of a Meztizo. A curious red hat was set on the head and in it was the feather of the black hawk of the region. Well did Marcelle know what it meant.

She was face to face with one of Senor Goralo's soldiers for she had seen enough of them on the Plaza of Esperanza to know them by sight.

Whether or not she had been seen she did not know, for her figure was partly screened by several trees while the form of Maximilian was more observable.

The red hat dropped below the grass almost as soon as seen and Marcelle knew that she had been seen. The man would hasten back to his master and the whole band would be upon them.

Her hand seized the cougar's collar and a low whine of impatience was heard.

"Not yet, cat," said the girl in low tones. "You'll get your fill of fight soon enough, but that man should not be permitted to go back to his fellows."

Not many yards intervened between Marcelle and the soldier.

She thought rapidly. To let the cat go would be to hurl him upon the enemy which would precipitate a struggle which might alarm the hunters who would rush forward and begin the battle for life.

Suddenly Marcelle stood erect with her rifle against her shoulder, and her voice was heard in no uncertain tones.

"Surrender!" she said. "I have you covered and to lift a hand or to shout to your master, means a bullet in your brain!"

She was not answered. Maximilian was crawling forward. The girl's weapon was directed straight at the bunch of grass through which she could see the outlines of the man.

"Stand up!" she cried. "Shall it be a bullet or the teeth of the great cat?"

The soldier stood up.

He was a little man and his gun was slung over his shoulder, but he made no movement to loosen it.

"Down!" cried Marcelle to the big cat. "Now come to me," to the man.

With fearsome glances at Maximilian the man advanced and halted within a few feet of the girl.

"Who are you?" she asked.

"I am Jose."

"Yes, I know you. Where is Senor Goralo?"

The man nodded toward the rising ground.

"How far off is your master?"

"A mile, senorita."

"Good! Now walk past the cat. He will obey me. Keep straight on. Your life depends on it."

The man trembled.

Marcelle watched him as he moved forward and the greenish eyes of Maximilian followed his every movement.

Marcelle and the beast fell in behind Jose.

"Straight on," she said to him.

Five minutes later she had delivered her prisoner in the little halting place in the forest.

"This is Jose," she explained to Captain Jonas. "He is one of our hunters."

The old sailor burst into a fit of laughter.

"And a pretty looking soldier he is!" he exlaimed. "I would like to meet an army of such looking heroes."

Jose hung his head, but did not reply.

"You've been to the president's town?" asked Marcelle.

The prisoner nodded.

"You are just the man we want, Senor Jose," she went on. "You know the way."

"But——"

"No questions," broke in the girl. "You will lead us by the shortest way."

The dark face of the gold king's soldier grew darker than ever.

"If Senor Goralo should find out that I had betrayed him——"

"He may never discover," Marcelle smiled. "If you are shrewd you can keep out of his clutches."

Jose bit his lip and looked away.

"You were scouting for your master?" put in Captain Jonas.

"Yes."

"And you were to report?"

The man bowed his head.

"Well, if you don't report Senor Goralo will keep back that much longer. It's downright good luck, boys," he nodded to Tom and Dick.

Maximilian rubbed against Jose's leg and the man leaped back with a quivering cry.

"The cat purrs now," smiled Marcelle, "he can bite, as well."

The captive was now placed in front of the little party and commanded to take the trail for the capital.

Off he went with now and then a glance at Maximilian whom he seemed to fear more than the weapons of Marcelle and her companions.

They had not proceeded far when a wild cry resounded through the forest and a lean brown wolf shot past within a few yards of the trail.

Close behind the frightened animal leaped another almost as large, a darkish dog, one of the famous wolf-hounds of Honduras.

Instinctly Tom raised his rifle, but the hand of Marcelle covered the barrel.

"Save your bullet for greater game!" she exclaimed.

But the wolf outran the hound which soon came back, his jaws dripping with froth and his eyes astare.

That moment Maximilian caught sight of the dog.

There was a leap of ten feet, the tawny cat landed on the hound's back and bore him to the ground. Marcelle dashed forward and the astonished boys saw her draw a knife from her belt.

She clutched Maximilian's collar with one hand and with the coolness of a hunter plunged the blade into the hound's side. It was all over in an instant.

She came back to her companions with a gleam of triumph in her dark eyes.

"One more messenger silenced," she said. "What will the next peril be like?"

The question was answered sooner than any one thought, for Dick, who for the moment had run ahead of Jose to pluck a singular looking flower in the path before the heavy tread of soldier could crush it, uttered a cry.

The trail was a narrow defile between a range of gloomy little hills and the grass and leaves were ankle deep all the way.

A great pain had settled over Dick's face and he was looking down at his feet speechless.

"The wolf trap!" he cried as the others came up.

Sure enough the boy castaway had stepped into a heavy steel trap, the ponderous jaws of which had closed on his limbs and the teeth of the trap seemed to be gripping the very bone.

Captain Jonas threw himself upon the spring and exerted his strength. Dick wrenched himself loose the moment the iron power relaxed and fell back in a dead faint.

When he was picked up and opened his eyes he groaned with pain.

He could not stand and it required the efforts of Tom and Jose to keep him on his feet. Every step was torture, but Dick insisted that he was able to proceed.

All believed that a village of natives was not far off and Dick was made as comfortable as possible.

He braved it out as long as he could, but the terrible jaws had done their work so well that he was compelled to give up in despair.

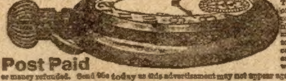
"We'll make a litter," said Tom. "There must be no halt here."

Poor Dick shut his eyes and groaned.

(Continued on page nineteen.)

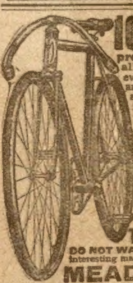
IN A PLAIN BOX
FULTON STRAIGHT WHISKEY
2 Gallons IN DEMIJOHNS $5
Or 4 Full QUARTS $3
MYERS PATENT

GREAT Order FULTON by Mail UNEQUALED
Kentucky's Straight Whiskey
Express Prepaid from Distiller to You
2 Gallons for $5. 3 for $7.50 or 1 for $3, choice of Rye, Bourbon or Corn Fulton Straight whiskey highest medicinal thoroughly matured, in Myers patent 1 gallon demijohns. To prove Fulton is best you need
send no money
We ship on 30 day's credit, if you have your merchant or bank write us guaranteeing account. No C.O.D. Full Quart Bottles of Rye, Bourbon or Corn are expressed prepaid in plain boxes, either 4 for $3, 8 for $6, or 12 for $9.
FREE—4 miniature bottles of Selected Fulton with every 2 gallon order, 6 with 3 gallon orders, accompanied by cash. If not satisfied with whiskey return; and, if paid for, all your money will be refunded by first mail.
ADDRESS **MYERS & COMPANY,** Warehouse No. 172 COVINGTON, KY.
SOLE OWNERS U. S. REG. DIST'Y No. 22, 6TH DIST., KY. Orders from Mont., Wyo., Colo., N. Mex. and West thereof, must call for either 20 full quart bottles, 6 gallons in demijohns, or a cask, for $15 by prepaid freight. Write for express terms.
Write for our book, "A Fair Customer," and price list—sealed



95 cents
Post Paid
Guaranteed 5 Years
To advertise our business, make new friends and introduce our great catalogue of Elgin Watches we will send this elegant watch to any address by mail post paid for ONLY 95 CENTS. Regular gentleman's size open face, full nickel silver plated plain polished case, Arabic dial, lever escapement, stem wind and stem set, a perfect timekeeper and fully guaranteed for 5 years. In addition to the watch, and without any extra charge whatever [illegible] certificates worth one dollar each when used as part payment on [illegible] catalogue. Send this advertisement to us with your name and [illegible] watch & certificates will be sent by return mail postpaid. [illegible] or money refunded. Send 95c today as this advertisement may not appear again. R. E. CHALMERS & CO., 356 D[illegible] St., CHICAGO

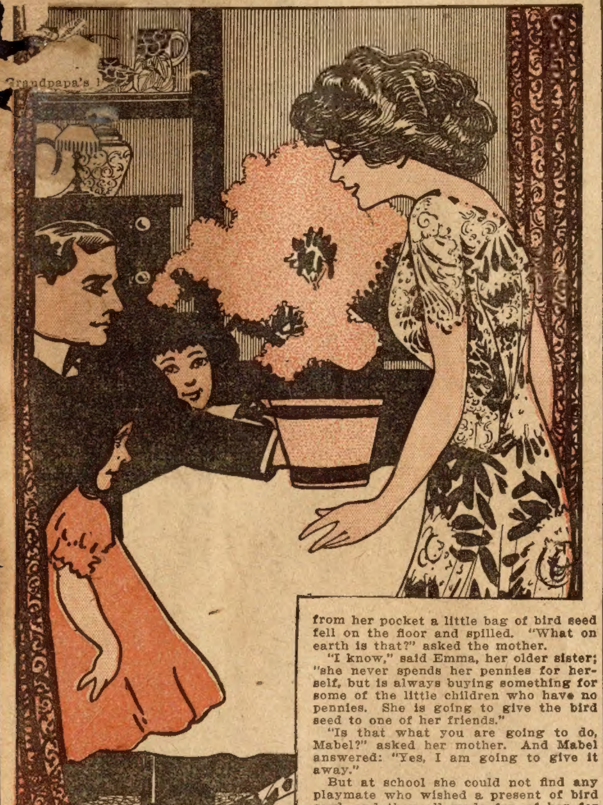
ITCH-ECZEMA FREE TRIAL
(Also called Tetter, Salt Rheum, Pruritus, Milk-Crust, Weeping Skin, etc.)
ECZEMA CAN BE CURED TO STAY, and when I say cured, I mean just what I say—C-U-R-E-D, and not merely patched up for awhile, to return worse than before. Now, I do not care what all you have used, nor how many doctors have told you that you could not be cured—all I ask is just a chance to show you that I know what I am talking about. If you will write me TO-DAY, I will send you a FREE TRIAL of my mild, soothing, guaranteed cure that will convince you more in a day than I or anyone else could in a month's time. If you are disgusted and discouraged, I dare you to give me a chance to prove my claims. By writing me to-day you will enjoy more real comfort than you had ever thought this world holds for you. Just try it, and you will see I am telling you the truth.
Dr. J. E. Cannaday, 64 Park Square, Sedalia, Mo.
Reference: Third National Bank, Sedalia, Mo. | Could you do a better act than to send this notice to some poor sufferer of Eczema?



10 DAYS FREE TRIAL We will ship you a "RANGER" BICYCLE on approval, freight prepaid to any place in the United States *without a cent deposit in advance*, and allow ten days free trial from the day you receive it. If it does not suit you in every way and is not all or more than we claim for it and a better bicycle than you can get anywhere else regardless of price, or if for any reason whatever you do not wish to keep it, ship it back to us at our expense for freight and you will *not be out one cent.*
LOW FACTORY PRICES We sell the highest grade bicycles direct from factory to rider at lower prices than any other house. We save you $10 to $25 middlemen's profit on every bicycle. Highest grade models with Puncture-Proof tires, Imported Roller chains, pedals, etc., at prices no higher than cheap mail order bicycles; also reliable medium grade models at unheard of low prices.
RIDER AGENTS WANTED in each town and district to ride and exhibit a sample 1911 "Ranger" Bicycle furnished by us. You will be astonished at the *wonderfully low prices* and the liberal propositions and special offer we will give on the first 1911 sample going to your town. Write at once for our *special offer.*
DO NOT BUY a bicycle or a pair of tires from *anyone at any price* until you receive our catalogue and learn our low prices and liberal terms. BICYCLE DEALERS, you can sell our bicycles under your own name plate at double our prices. Orders filled the day received.
SECOND HAND BICYCLES—a limited number taken in trade by our Chicago retail stores will be closed out at once, at $3 to $8 each. Descriptive bargain list mailed free.
TIRES, COASTER BRAKE rear wheels, inner tubes, lamps, cyclometers, parts, repairs and everything in the bicycle line at half usual prices.
DO NOT WAIT but write today for our *Large Catalogue* beautifully illustrated and containing a great fund of interesting matter and useful information. It only costs a postal to get everything. Write it now.
MEAD CYCLE CO. Dept. G 53 CHICAGO, ILL.

Boys, Earn Money
Delivering the
BLADE AND LEDGER
Each Week.
We need a smart boy in every town and R. F. D. route in the United States and Canada to sell the Blade and Ledger. 5,000,000 people read them every week and the people in your town want some one they can buy them from each week.
YOU ARE THE BOY WHO CAN MAKE THE MONEY.
We give you two cents out of every nickel you take in as your share of the profits. The Agent's Outfit is Entirely Free, and there is no expense of any kind. You pay us nothin till your papers are sold. You do not h to pay for papers you cannot sell. No ex ence necessary.
25,000 Boys Sell the Blade and Every Friday and Saturday. ages, so you can do the same. below, cut it out and mail it send you everything nec will give you full Everything is plai fore some other bo
CUT OUT
W. D. Boyce Co., 500 Dearborn Av., Chicago:
I will accept the agency. Please send me agent's outfit and bundle of papers and instructions.
AGENT'S NAME ....
Street, P. O. Box or R. F. D. ....
Town ....
State .... Date ....

The Birthday Secret



Just before father left town, to be gone until late in the evening, he remembered that the next day was mother's birthday. The older children had already gone to school, so he was obliged to ask little Mabel to attend to a matter which he would not have intrusted to such a little girl otherwise.

"You remember the florist 'way at the other end of town, where we got the Christmas wreaths? Well, you go there some time during the day, but cleverly so that no one knows anything about it, and tell him to send the azalea which I selected the other day to my address tomorrow morning before 8 o'clock. I wish to have it on the table when mother comes in to breakfast. But it must be a surprise. Can you keep a secret?"

"Of course I can," said Mabel. "I think it nice of you, dear father, to give me a chance to show you. I never had a secret with you before."

So father went off and Mabel hurried to school, and was nearly late, but so happy that she would not have minded it much if she had been really late. When
he children were let out at noon she
d already planned what to do, and in-
ad of going straight home she hur-
toward the florist's.
she passed the high school her
r Robert, who was coming out,
r, "Where are you going,
he pretended not to hear.
r is calling you," said an-
w th y, one of a group at the
laugh at," she answered,
d and made fun

followed after
you will not tell me
yself. Did mother send
ook her head and began
t could run as fast as
saw that she could
n. Besides, the day
running. She began
e she could find for
, for it was plain
think of going
Robert find out
told her father

e girl enter a shop, one of those little shops where there is a bell on the door that rings when you enter. Mabel followed. The little girl asked for 5 cents' worth of bird seed. Mabel had five pennies in her apron pocket, so she too asked for 5 cents' worth of bird seed. There was no bird at home, but she could not think of anything else to ask for.

Robert did not follow his sister into the shop. He saw a big homemade sign on the door, "Cottage cheese fresh every day," and he remembered that his father had said that morning how much he would like some cottage cheese. He was sure now he knew why Mabel had gone to this shop and he was a little ashamed of himself for having suspected something strange. He did not wait for Mabel to come out for fear she would laugh at him, but hurried home to lunch.

"How warm you are, child!" said Mabel's mother as the little girl rushed into the house. "Take your handkerchief and wipe your forehead."

When Mabel pulled the handkerchief from her pocket a little bag of bird seed fell on the floor and spilled. "What on earth is that?" asked the mother.

"I know," said Emma, her older sister; "she never spends her pennies for herself, but is always buying something for some of the little children who have no pennies. She is going to give the bird seed to one of her friends."

"Is that what you are going to do, Mabel?" asked her mother. And Mabel answered: "Yes, I am going to give it away."

But at school she could not find any playmate who wished a present of bird seed, and they all made fun of her for offering it until one older girl saw that Mabel was ready to cry, and so she took the seed and said: "I will save it until next winter and sprinkle it on the snow."

That afternoon after school Mabel again started for the florist's and this time reached there unobserved. But in front of the door was a baby carriage which she knew only too well, and in it sat baby brother. Through the glass she could see Emma talking to the florist. She thought quickly and remembered that the seamstress whom her mother always engaged lived nearly opposite. It would be well to go in there for a moment until Emma started for home with the flowers which she had come to buy for her present to mother.

The seamstress was not at home, but her mother said she would be glad to take any message. Mabel said it was nothing of importance, and hurried to say good-by and ran over to the florist's just as Emma started down the street. The instructions about the delivery of the flowers were given at last, and no one had discovered any part of the secret.

Mabel reached home so heated that her mother warned her not to play so roughly and run the chance of catching cold, but she did not suspect that Mabel had not come straight home from school. The long run to the other end of the little town and back was not to remain a secret many hours, however. While Mabel was sitting in her room, playing with her dolls, she heard a voice at the open door which struck terror to her heart. It was the seamstress, who had called to know what message Mabel was to have taken her. "Why, I did not send her," said her mother. "Was it not some other child?"

"No," said the seamstress, "there can be no mistake."

"Where is Mabel?" asked her mother. None of the children knew.

"Mabel acted real queer this morning when she was buying the cheese," said Robert.

"What cheese?" said mother. "I have sent for no cheese."

The mother, now thoroughly alarmed, remembered how strange and how hot Mabel had seemed when she came from school at noon and in the afternoon. And when mother had investigated a large bundle on Mabel's bed and found Mabel all wrapped up, head and all, with her clothes on, too, just where Mabel had tried to hide when she heard the seamstress' voice, mother sent for the doctor.

The doctor looked wise, and gave directions that Mabel should stay in bed with a bag of ice on her forehead until they could reduce the fever and bring about her recovery from the delirium from which she was evidently suffering.

That is why her father had to listen to a truly alarming story when he

Married Misery

People often rely on nature unaided to correct evil but it doesn't. One aim of *corrective medicine* should be to do away with married unhappiness. At the bottom of a deal of misery is found lack of cheerful yielding. Mean selfishness is as surely due to ill-health as famine is to failure. Ungovernable temper—a third fault—is *largely the outcome of stomach disorder.* All these causes disappear when stomach and liver are keyed to a finely balanced tone. The first sign of on-coming Biliousness, Indigestion or Headache, should suggest old Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. *No other known medicine* contains so *complete a curing-power* for disordered stomach and torpid liver—'Twill avert many a conflict between man and woman.

Take pains, however, not to insist too strongly on having your own way *except* with the druggist—insist that he give you Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery.

Constipation is always aggravating. A costive person is hardly fit to associate with—while free and easy bowel action tends to make the grouchy grumbler a cheerful optimist, lovable and full of hope. Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets, taken now and then, move bowels gently once a day. That's enough.

ASK FOR FREE 1911 CATALOG

$16.50 REGULAR PRICE $27.50

Model 24 Six-shot Repeater

Perfect—hammerless—non-clogging action—instantaneous sight—hinged breech block—all working parts covered—snow and dirt cannot get in—solid steel wall between shell and shooter. Taken down in 10 seconds without tools. 26 to 32 inch **genuine imported Nitro-steel barrel** with full length top rib—American black walnut stock—fine finish. Bore, gauge and drop of stock optional. No extra charge for any features named. Sent with privilege of examination, if desired. **Send for free 1911 catalogue**—describing full line of repeating shot guns, doubles, etc. Drop a card now.

THE UNION ARMS COMPANY, 510 Auburndale, Toledo, O., U. S. A.

Dr. Rainey Gives You A $1.00 Bottle of His Vitality Tablets FREE

The Best Remedy Known for Stomach, Blood, Nerves, Heart, Catarrh, Thinness, Debility, etc.

Dr. Rainey says: *"I consider this improved formula my greatest achievement. I believe it will cure more quickly the diseases and weaknesses mentioned below than any medicine I have ever put upon the market heretofore."*

STOMACH TROUBLES—Have you Stomach Pain, Belching, Lost Appetite, Bad Taste or Breath, Headache, Heartburn, Bloating, Gas, Spitting of Mucus, Gnawing, Empty Feeling, Lump in Stomach, Food Disagree, Pain Before or After Eating, Coated Tongue, Sore Mouth, Indigestion? Then you need **Dr. Rainey's Vitality Tablets**, and at once. They will relieve you quickly and permanently, improve appetite, digestion and general health.

THE BLOOD—Pimples, Blackheads, Sores, Blotches, Pale, Sallow Complexion, Lips Blue, Specific Blood Poison, Eczema, Malaria, Enlarged Joints or Glands, Chilly, Feverish, Run Down, Debilitated, Weak, Emaciated? You surely need **Dr. Rainey's Vitality Tablets.** They restore strength and fibre to the blood, so it will furnish nourishment to the whole body.

THE NERVES—Nervous Debility, Weakness, Jerking, Jumping, Excitable, Tired, Worn Out, Feel Like Falling When Eyes Closed and Feet Together, Restless at Night, Poor Memory, Melancholy, Despondent, Wake Up Unrefreshed, Weak Trembles, Dizzy, Fainting Spells, Hands or Feet Numb, Neuralgia, Lack Energy, Strength, Ambition? You need **Dr. Rainey's Vitality Tablets.** They restore nerve tissue to normal condition, steady the nerves, banish the blues, make you feel full of life, vigor, ambition, and many years younger.

HEART—Weakness, Skipping of Beats, Fluttering, Palpitation, Pain in Left Side, Pains Under Shoulder Blades, Shortness of Breath, Dizzy, Sinking Sensations, Cold Extremities, Swollen Feet, Throbbing or Hammering Sensation, Can't Lie on Right Side or Back, Rheumatism, Asthma? Get **Dr. Rainey's Vitality Tablets.**

CATARRH—Hawking, Spitting, Accumulation of Mucus, Watery Discharge from Stomach, Spit up Slime, Nose Runs, Sneeze, Bad Odor, Dull Headaches, Catarrhal Deafness, Pains in Kidneys, Bladder, Lungs or Over Entire Body, Slimy Discharge from Bowels? **Get Dr. Rainey's Vitality Tablets** at once! They remove the cause.

THINNESS—Under Weight, Hollow Cheeks, Flat Chest, Scrawny Neck, Dyspepsia, Thin Blood? **Dr. Rainey's Vitality Tablets** build you up in every way. Guaranteed to make you gain 5 to 25 lbs. Will greatly improve your appearance.

NO SECRET FORMULA—The days of secret preparations are numbered. I give the formula of my Vitality Tablets on each bottle. Nothing to hide.

DR. RAINEY'S VITALITY TABLETS act directly through the stomach, enriching the blood, building up the nervous system; generate vitality, create nerve force, restore full strength and vigor, so you can enjoy life's pleasures to the fullest. Contain no injurious drugs. **Guaranteed under U. S. Food & Drugs Law (Serial No. 21068.)**

DR. RAINEY'S Vitality Tablets IMPROVED FORMULA BRING VITALITY, STRENGTH, VIGOR. CURE STOMACH, BLOOD AND NERVOUS DISORDERS PRICE $1.00

This Bottle is Absolutely Free! I will never ask you to pay for it. Nor are you under any obligation to buy more tablets. After you have tried this thoroughly, if you are satisfied the medicine is all I claim, I know you will be only too happy to continue until health, strength and vigor are completely restored.

I not only send you a Free Dollar Bottle of Vitality Tablets, which contains 120 tablets, but also a **Free box of my Laxatives, Improved Formula.** I ask only that you send 10c, stamps or coin, to partially defray cost of postage and packing on the 2 medicines. Don't delay writing. Send today.

COUPON FOR FREE FULL $1.00 BOTTLE—Sign and Mail At Once!

Dr. James M. Rainey, (Inc.), Dept. 16, 152 Lake Street, Chicago, Ill.: I enclose 10 cts. for postage and packing. Send at once by mail, in plain package, $1.00 bottle of DR. RAINEY'S VITALITY TABLETS, IMPROVED FORMULA, also FREE BOX OF DR. RAINEY'S LAXATIVES, IMPROVED FORMULA, without cost or obligation to me. Also your FREE HEALTH BOOK.

NAME ....

ADDRESS ....

reached home that evening, and why he found Mabel in bed with a bag of ice on her head.

"Please get some fresh ice, mother," she said, while her parents stood sadly by her bedside looking at her. "Let me call Emma to get it," said her father. "No, no," said Mabel, "do not leave me." "I will go," said her mother. "It will be a pleasure for her to visit alone with you."

It was a pleasure, too. No sooner did Mabel find herself alone with her father than she sat up and said: "Father, I am not sick at all, but I have done what you told me to, and did not let one of the others know anything about it." And she told the whole story of the day.

When mother came back she found father in a big chair laughing so hard that he had hardly strength to wave the ice bag at mother and gasp out: "Don't worry about her. She is not sick; she is just a girl who can be trusted." And for a moment mother thought he was delirious, too.

But next morning just at the right moment came a lovely pot of azaleas, and at breakfast Mabel had to tell, to the general delight, all her adventures. When the doctor called to see how the patient was, he learned that she had gone to school, and the matter was explained to him. He said: "I have been a doctor for a long while, but I never before had a case where a little girl preferred going to bed with ice on her head and taking bitter medicine to saying a word which might lead to the revealing of a secret. I would trust that little girl with anything."

"Mother," said father, "when we count up everything that was an expensive pot of flowers, but it was worth it. If it had not been for the flowers we would never have known what a loyal little daughter we have, but now we will none of us ever forget the lesson of the birthday present."

* * *

The Young Castaways.

(Continued from page seventeen.)

Captain Jonas took the soldier's machete and began to cut poles for the litter.

All at once he heard a noise behind him and the next instant he was looking into the faces of four as villainous looking people as he had ever seen.

They were armed with long bows and pointed spears and for a moment they stared at the old sea-dog in speechless amazement.

Something cut the air above the captain's head and a spear buried its head in a tree.

"Captain! Captain!" rang out the voice of Tom. "The enemy is here."

The master of the Silver Moon turned his head and saw darkish figures moving beyond the spot where the young fugitives had halted.

"Between two fires, eh?" he grated. "Well, this may be the last of Captain Jonas, but we shall see."

Marcelle and her friends had turned to confront the figures striding forward and all saw that at their head moved the detested man-spider of Honduras.

Dick got upon his feet and, leaning against a tree, cocked his rifle. Tom looked to his own gun while Marcelle, with Maximilian crouched beside her, glued her white lips firmly together and looked defiantly into the face of Senor Goralo. As for Jose, the soldier, he threw himself on the ground in transports of fear.

The hunters had come up with the game at last. The four Meztizos who had not, as yet, perceived Senor Goralo were fitting arrows to their bows.

"Remember!" said the clear voice of Marcelle. "No surrender."

"No surrender!" echoed Tom and Dick, and all was still again.

The conclusion of this rattling story will be found in the Ledger issue of next week. If you are not a regular subscriber to the Ledger we would like to have your name on our list. The Ledger is only $1.00 per year and we have stories awaiting publication that you cannot afford to miss.

* * *

Scared, All Right.

There used to be a sheriff in a Green Mountain County of Vermont who, for 40 years, had driven the prisoners—murderers, moonshiners, thieves—through the woods in his buggy to the county jail, and yet who had never carried a revolver nor used a pair of handcuffs in his life. He had a strong hand, a brave heart and a stutter.

"Weren't you ever afraid?" some one asked him one day.

"W-well, I 'llow I w-wuz t-t-tolerable well skeert," he admitted slowly. "I h-heard S-Si P-Perkins, the b-barber, wuz g-gone d-daft an' wuz c-carvin' p-people up, an' I c-calc'lated it wuz my official d-dooty to g-go an' arrest him. So I w-went d-down to S-Si's shop, an' w-went in, an' S-Si c-come at me w-with a r-razor in each h-hand. An' then I 'llow I wuz t-t-tolerable well skeert."

"What did you do?"

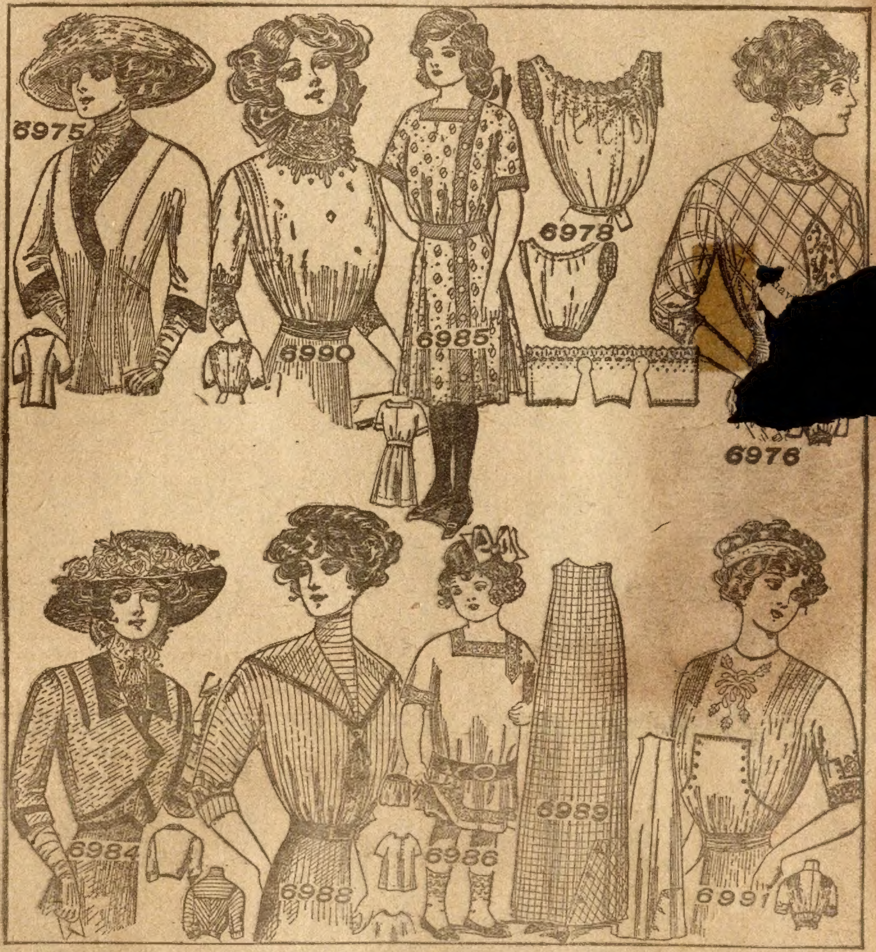
"W-w-well," said the old sheriff, "I was s-so s-s-skeert that I t-t-took 'em a-a-away from him."

GET FIVE PATTERN COUPONS FREE

Hundreds of Patterns to select from and all the time you need to select them.

The great difficulty in making one's own garments is to get suitable patterns. We think our women readers could make many pretty and useful things for themselves and their children if they could get well-made patterns. To meet this need we have arranged to give our readers a pattern service that is unexcelled.

We have decided to make a splendid offer of the best and most fashionable patterns that can be produced by the greatest designers of New York and Paris, and, what is more, these patterns will be within the reach of every one, and every one will have a wide selection to choose from. READ OUR SPLENDID OFFER BELOW.



6985—Girl's Peasant Dress Closing at Side Front, 10 to 14 Years. For girl of 12 years of age will be needed 5 yards of material 27 inches wide, 4¼ yards 36 or 2⅝ yards 44 inches wide, ⅞ yard 27 inches wide for the trimming.

6990—Blouse or Over Waist for Misses and Small Women, 14, 16 and 18 Years. For the 16 year size will be needed 2 yards of material 27 inches wide, 1¼ yards 36 or 1⅛ yards 44 inches wide.

6976—Peasant Blouse With Fancy Girdle, 34 to 40 Bust. For the medium size will be required 1½ yards of material 27 or 36 inches wide or 1 yard 44, with ½ yard of all-over lace 18 inches wide and ⅛ yard 27 inches wide for the girdle and cuffs.

6978—One-Piece Corset Cover for Misses and Small Women, 14, 16 and 18 Years. For the 16 year size will be needed 1½ yards of embroidery 14 inches wide, with ⅜ yard of plain material 36 and ¾ yard of beading; or 1⅛ yards of plain material 36 or ¾ yard 44 inches wide.

6975—Empire Coat With Body and Sleeves in One, 34 to 40 Bust. The quantity of material required for the medium size is 3¼ yards 27 inches wide, 2¼ yards 36 of 2⅛ yards 44 inches wide, with 1⅜ yards 27 inches wide for trimming.

6991—Fancy Tucked Blouse, 34 to 42 Bust. For the medium size will be needed 2⅝ yards of material 27 inches wide, 1⅝ yards 36 or 1⅜ yards 44 with ⅞ yard of lace to trim as illustrated.

6989—Six Gored Skirt, 22 to 32 Waist. The quantity of material required for the medium size is 6¾ yards of material 27 inches wide, 4½ yards 36 or 4¼ yards 44 when material has figure or nap; 6 yards 27, 4 yards 36 or 3½ yards 44 inches wide when material has neither figure nor nap. For the trimming bands will be needed ⅝ yard of any width.

6986—Child's One-Piece Dress With Bloomers, 2 to 6 Years. The quantity of material required for the four year size is 3⅝ yards 27 inches wide, 2¾ yards 36 or 44 inches wide, with 3⅛ yards of banding.

6988—French Blouse With Sailor Collar, 34 to 40 Bust. The quantity of material required for the medium size is 3½ yards 27, 3 yards 36 or 2½ yards 44 inches wide.

6984—Bolero Jacket for Misses and Small Women, 14, 16 and 18 Years. The quantity of material required for the 16 year size is 2⅝ yards 27 inches wide, 1⅞ yards 36 or 1¾ yards 44 with ⅛ yard 26 inches wide for the trimming.

HOW TO GET THE FREE PATTERN COUPONS.

Here is the way we will do it: To every one who will send us one dollar for a year's subscription to The Chicago Ledger we will send absolutely free five pattern coupons. Each coupon will be good for one pattern and you can select the patterns from those illustrated in any issue of The Chicago Ledger. When you see a pattern that you like all you have to do is to send us a coupon and it will be sent to you at once. In this way you will have hundreds of patterns from which to pick the five that you will be entitled to, and you will have all the time you need to pick out the ones you want.

These patterns are the best that can be made. Each pattern gives full directions for the cutting and making with information as to the amount of cl required, etc., so that any one can make any of the designs illustrated with no trouble at all. At the same time, they are so stylish and accurately cut that d makers and seamstresses all over the country will be quick to take advantage of this liberal offer. Some will subscribe for two years so they can get te pons. These designs are made by the best designers and modistes of New York and Paris, and are all up-to-the-minute in fashion and beauty.

We treat old and new customers alike on this splendid offer. If you are already a subscriber, send in a dollar and we will send you the five pattern and extend your subscription one year from the time it now expires.

To get these five coupons entitling you to five patterns, fill out the blank below and enclose it with one dollar for a year's subscription to Ledger. Do this now—today! No woman should be without the Ledger's Pattern Coupon Book. Be among the thousands of women who will get the

.... CUT THIS OUT AND SEND IT TO US ....

THE CHICAGO LEDGER,

500 Dearborn Avenue, Chicago, Ill.:

Enclosed please find one dollar for a year's subscription to The Chicago Ledger.

This entitles me to Five Pattern Coupons.

Canada Subscription Price $1.50 per year.

NAME ....

Street No.
or R. F. D. ....

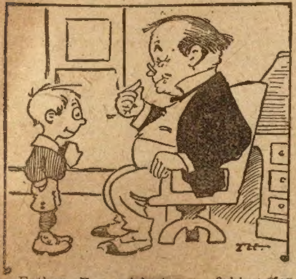
Town ....

Box. .... State ....

☞ If you wish any patterns from those advertised in this issue, mark the number and size on the margin and we will retai send you when we send you the Coupon Book. (Order by size and number). **GOOD FOR ANY TIME.**

The Ledger's Splendid Free Pattern Offer. Rea

FOR YOUTHFUL EYES



Father—You wish to go fishing for oysters? Dear me! how will you catch [illegible]?

[illegible]le—I [illegible]e a pocketful of oyster

❧

[illegible]ANDPAPA.

[illegible]r is very white,
[illegible]a walks but slow;
[illegible]l in his easy chair,
[illegible]n come and go.
[illegible]," says mamma;
[illegible] dear grandpapa."

Grandpapa's [illegible] is thin and weak,
It has worked hard all his days.
A strong right hand, and an honest hand,
That has won all good men's praise.
"Kiss it tenderly," says mamma;
"Let every one honor grandpapa."

Grandpapa's eyes are growing dim;
They have looked on sorrow and death.
But the lovelight never went out of them,
Nor the courage and the faith.
"You children, all of you," says mamma,
"Have need to look up to dear grandpapa."

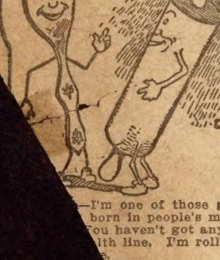
Grandpapa's years are wearing few,
But he leaves a blessing behind—
A good life lived and a good fight fought,
True heart and equal mind.
"Remember, my children," says mamma,
"You bear the name of your grandpapa."

❧

From Wyoming.

It began to happen some time ago in the town of Pine Bluffs. There is a careless hen in Pine Bluffs, and she carelessly laid an egg in the nest of one of the tame pigeons that live near by. The pigeon did not like to have eggs forced upon her in this manner and she tried to throw it out of the nest, but she was not strong enough. She worried about it, but at last saw that the long way might be shortest, after all, and so she sat down on the big egg and started to hatch it. She sat on that big egg until she wished that she had never thought of doing such a thing, and when it did hatch she was marvelously relieved. Her happiness did not last long. There was a helpless little chick without anything to eat, though it was not little compared with the pigeon. The old bird and the chick were about of a size, but the chick was much more hungry. The pigeon had to start to work and find food for her foster-child, and it was about more than she could do. The people that own both the chickens and the pigeons saw that she was getting pale, and so they relived her of the care and got a boy to dig worms for the chick.

❧



[illegible]—I'm one of those golden [illegible] born in people's mouths. [illegible]ou haven't got anything [illegible]lth line. I'm rolling in

❧

[illegible] Trick.

[illegible]home, under a gray [illegible] at the foot of a [illegible]d with his father [illegible] Chip.

[illegible]ng squirrels in [illegible]d of having a [illegible]rocks, up the trees, from limb to limb and branch to branch, until they were tired and far from Squirreltown. Then they would stop to rest, eat nuts and chatter about their frolic.

One afternoon, when Chip reached home after one of these fly-away trips, he found his mother in great distress because his father, who had gone out in the morning for a short time, had not returned.

"Don't worry," chirped Chip. "I'll find him," and off he went.

He meant what he said, too, for the thought that his father was really gone made no impression in his funny little head. At dusk he came back subdued and alone but half expecting to find his father there. One glance at his mother showed Chip that he must provide for her; so the next day he began.

Long before he had enough food gathered, the nuts near by were gone; then he had to take longer journeys from home. He ran far beyond the top of the hill one day and discovered a great white house and across the road from it a smaller one filled with corn.

Chip sat up just where he was when he caught sight of the coveted treasure, and then with a chirp he skipped to the corncrib. He was busily stowing the grain in his side pockets when he was pounced on by a great fury, lifted off of his feet and carried to the big white house.

There he was dropped at the feet of a smaller fury that seized him in a twinkling and ran with him into a large yard. Taking a hasty glance at his surroundings, Chip discovered that he could readily make his escape by way of a tree that stood near if he could manage to get out of that creature's mouth. He wriggled to twist himself out of the kitten's grasp, whereupon puss dropped him and cuffed his ears. Chip sprang for the tree, but the kitten sprang for him and caught him, too. The foolish puss did not see what he was trying to do, however, and so did not think it worth while to take him further from the tree.

"Only one more chance like that," thought the squirrel, twitching his whiskers, "and I'll show you a trick."

The kitten dropped him again. Away went Chip up the tree, the surprised and unthinking puss following with her stretched-out nose close at the end of Chip's tail. Quickly he led her out on a small branch, out, out beyond her weight; then, as the cat fell down, Chip sprang up, landed in another tree, and reached the top soon enough to see the out-maneuvered cat on the ground just where she had struck, her tail twitching and her eyes fixed in a comically bewildered stare on the swaying branch where their ways had, to her, so unexpectedly parted.

❧

LITTLE MOTHER.

Dolly, you've been very naughty!
Do you see that broken cup?
I must punish you severely—
In the dark I'll shut you up.
Do not answer back, now, Dolly.
I'm your mother, do you hear?
You've been very, very careless!
You did do it; that is clear.
No one else was near the table.
I won't listen to you—no!
Here's the big, dark storeroom closet—
You've been naughty. In you go!

I suppose the cat did break it,
But no one was here to see,
And I have to do to dolly
As my mamma does to me.

❧

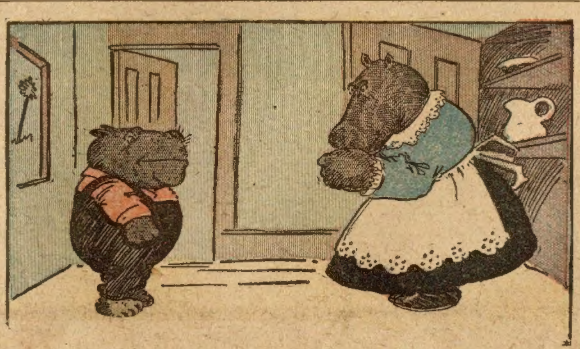
Candy.

Few children, or grown ups either, for that matter, think of the origin of candy when they are eating the kind that most appeals to their taste. We read that Dragatus, a noted Roman baker and confectioner, who was of the well known family of Fabius, was the man who invented candy, and that its first form was the sugarplum. These delicious sweets were called "dragati," after their inventor. The secret of their manufacture was kept in the family, and the making and selling of them was the exclusive privilege of the Fabius family for many generations. It almost takes one's breath away to read that 177 years before the Christian era the Romans were indulging their taste for sweets as we do, though not to the same extent, for at first it was only at the birth or marriage of one of the Fabius family that a great distribution of dragati took place as a sign of rejoicing. At present the custom is still in vogue, but has extended to the nobility of Europe.

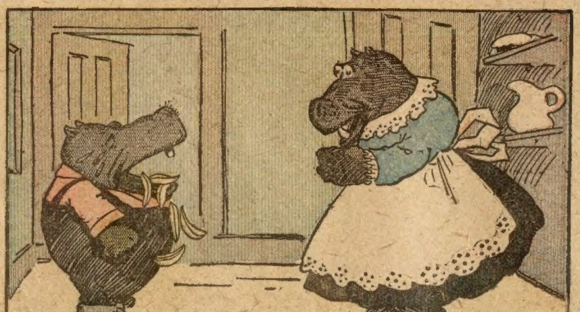
❧

A Quadruped.

Do you know what a quadruped is? It is something with four legs—like a table, as a small boy once suggested. A biped is a something with two legs, like a croquet arch, perhaps, and like most chickens. Down in Cincinnati, however, there is a chicken that it not a biped. It is a quadruped. It has four legs. It does not run on all of them like a dog, because the two extra legs do not touch the ground, but they will come in handy when the chicken gets into a fight.



Parent—You've been in the pantry and taken all those bananas.



Willie—I never took one of them!

FREE TO BOYS!

BASEBALL OUTFITS consist of Chest Protector (heavily padded), Steel Wire Mask, Large Catcher's Mitt or Fielder's Glove, and Baseball. ALL ONE PREMIUM. Made by one of the best manufacturers in the U. S. Act promptly, have your outfit early. Will send free this outfit as one premium. Surely this fine outfit will make you happy.

BASEBALL SUITS

Our Baseball Suits are made from carefully woven gray, blue, black or red material. You can have any color you prefer. Our suits are made to your size and guaranteed to fit. The suit complete consists of pants (full padded), laced front shirt, cap and an extra good belt.

BOYS! I will send you, all charges prepaid, 24 packages of my FAMOUS NOVELTIES which you can dispose of in a very short time on my NEW EASY PLAN at 10 cts. each. Send me the $2.40, I will send you either a BASEBALL SUIT—OR A PLAYERS' OUTFIT—just as described. G. M. BETTS, 649 W. 43d St., Dept. 1571, New York.

WANTED—CHAUFFEURS

Big demands from manufacturers, dealers and owners. Good wages—steady, pleasant employment. We teach how to run and repair any automobile by mail. Most complete Auto School in the world. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Complete course only $15.00. Enroll now—small payment down—balance weekly payments. We furnish employment from the start. No extra charge for practical instruction, under personal supervision of C. A. Coey, America's premier [illegible]. FIRST LESSON FREE. Write for it today.

C. A. COEY'S SCHOOL OF MOTORING,
4322 1-2 Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

ELEGANT THIN MODEL 20 YEAR WATCH

Hunting case, beautifully engraved, gold finished throughout, stem wind & stem set, fitted with 7 ruby jeweled American lever movement. Guaranteed 20 years with long gold plated chain for Ladies or vest chain for Gents.

$3.95

20 Year Guarantee

Let us send it without expense to you C. O. D. express charges paid by us, for examination at your nearest express office and if you think it a bargain and equal in appearance to any $15.00 gold finished watch pay the express agent $3.95 and it is yours. Mention if you want Ladies,' Men's or Boys' size. M. C. FARBER, C14, 225 Dearborn St., CHICAGO, ILL.

Detroit Marine Engine
Guaranteed Five Years

You are the sole judge of the engine and its merits. 25,000 satisfied users. Greatest Engine Bargain offered.

Only 3 Moving Parts

Starts without cranking.

Reverses while in motion. Waterproof ignition. Money refunded if you are not satisfied. Special wholesale price on first outfit.

Single cylinder, 2-8 h. p.; double cylinder, 8-20 h. p.; 4 cylinder, 20-50 h. p. Suitable for any boat from canoe to cruiser. All engines complete with boat fittings. Free Catalog.

Demonstrator Agents Wanted in Every Boating Community.

Detroit Engine Works, 1261 Jefferson Ave., Detroit, Mich.

Wizard Repeating LIQUID PISTOL

Nickel-plated 5 in. long. Pat'd

Will stop the most vicious dog (or man) without permanent injury. Perfectly safe to carry without danger of leakage. Fires and recharges by pulling the trigger. Loads from any liquid. No cartridges required. Over six shots in one loading. All dealers, or by mail, 50 cents. Pistol with rubber-covered Holster, 55c. Holster separate, 10 cents. Money order or U. S. stamps. No coins. Address PARKER, STEARNS & CO., 296 Sheffield Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

BRACELET AND RING FREE

We will give this beautiful gold finished extension bracelet and gold [illegible]ald four-stone ring to anyone who sells only 12 packages of our Souvenir Post Cards at 10c a pkg. Write for cards today. Satisfaction guaranteed. REGAL MFG. CO., Desk 23, CHICAGO, ILL.

FREE! ARABIAN DIAMONDS
THE LATEST SCIENTIFIC WONDER

Advertised and sold under various names at $1.00 to $3.00 apiece. A clear, natural crystal with the cut flash fire and brilliancy of the finest diamond —no artificial backing—will stand the closest examination and acid tests, fools experts and pawnbrokers; can't be told from the genuine. Send 10c to pay cost of packing and postage, get stud or scarf pin free. Show catalogue to your friends is all we ask in return.

Chas. Cumings & Co., Wholesale Jewelers,
422 So. Dearborn Street, Chicago, Illinois

Join a Brass Band Everybody invited

Here is the opportunity now for everybody who wishes to get ahead—to enjoy life and make money. We will give you **inside pointers** on how to join a brass band. Send today for Band Catalog, "Tale of Two Towns," information blanks about brass bands and the Humanatone, ALL FREE. Write today.

LYON & HEALY, 19-37 Adams St., Chicago, Ill.

HOW TO BECOME A DETECTIVE
AN INSTRUCTIVE BOOK
WRITTEN BY A PROMINENT DETECTIVE
POSTPAID $1.00 GIVING FULL PARTICULARS
CHURCH-WOURMS CO., 206 MERLHORN BLDG.
SEATTLE, WASH.

10 Perfumed postcards with your name in gold 10c
F. Bloomington Co., Bloomington, Ill.